Spain 2017

Madrid - Barcelona

by Janet Connery and Sheri Tiner



Day 1 - Meeting in Madrid

We each departed on Saturday from our local airports with plans to meet in Madrid on Sunday. We had figured out that the airport had free wi-fi so the first one off the plane would message the other with the exact meeting location. With all the prior planning we each had a good idea of how to get to the airport metro station. Surprise! No surprises, all went according to plan. A quick purchase of metro tickets and we were on our way to the hotel.

Three different trains later, we emerged from the subway into Puerta del Sol, just across from our hotel, the Moderno. First stop, the Bear and the Strawberry Tree statue for a photo op. The bear and a strawberry tree was added to the Madrid city coat of arms in the 13th century.

Checking in to the hotel we took turns in the tiny elevator, only large enough for one person with one suit-case. We had a lovely little room where you had to step into the bathroom to open or close the door to the hallway. The view was a quaint ventilation shaft with the smell of baking and the sound of the kitchen wafting up to us in the early morning. Of course we didn't figure out the last bit until 5:00 am the next day.

Once we dumped our bags we were off to see Madrid. A first stop to check out the bakery around the corner as a potential breakfast choice then on to Plaza Mayor where we encountered the typical performers for the tourists. "Hello pretty lady" followed by a sales pitch. Sheri wanted to say, can you not see this camera in front of my face? I'm busy over here! Janet just strolled on as if she didn't understand English.

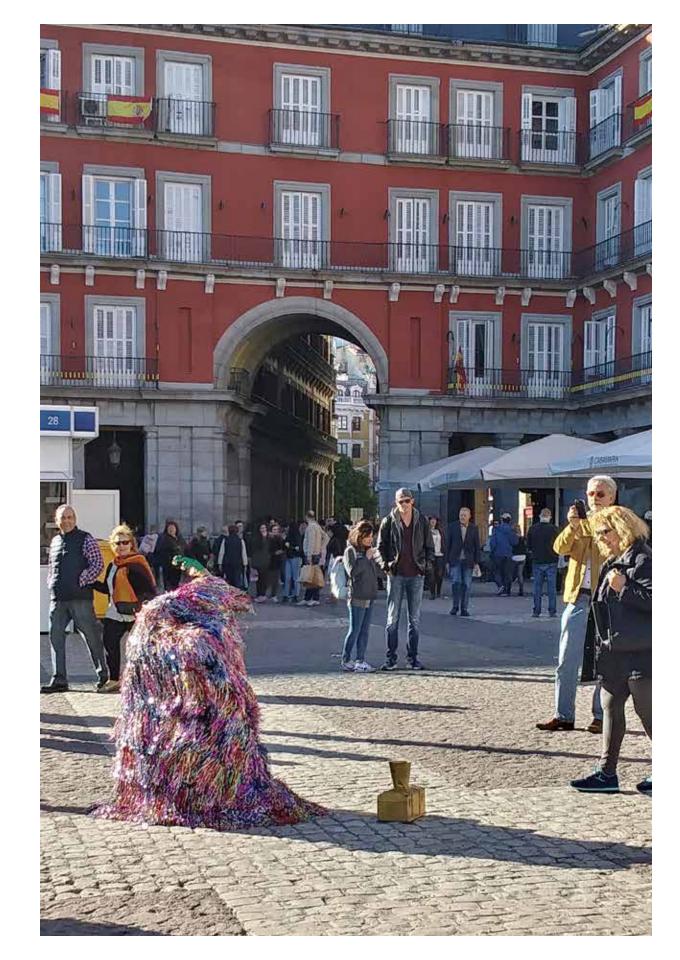
We snapped our photos of the plaza and another of the bullfighter's bar, La Torre del Oro, where the walls are covered by photos of matadors and bullfights and the heads of the losers (bulls) stuffed and mounted on the walls. Nope, we didn't go in.

From Plaza Mayor we strolled to the Mercado de San Miguel, a market full of tapas bars. We made our plans to return and wandered on. We really had no destination in mind, we just wanted to walk off the jet lag and see Madrid. We walked the









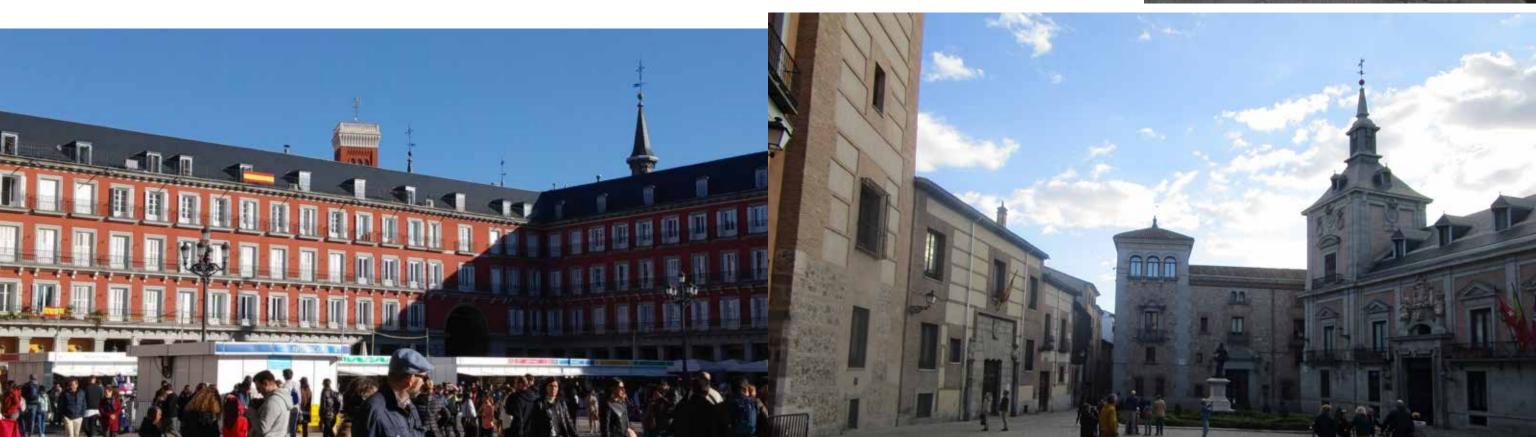




narrow streets, sometimes seeing things we recognized from our research, sometimes discovering something new. We passed through the Plaza de la Villa where we happened on a bride having her portrait made under a lovely arch and located the Monasterio del Corpus Christi where the nuns sell secret cookies from a window in the wall.

We passed so many churches we can't name them all but some were notable. The Basilica de San Miguel with it's curved façade and the San Francisco el Grande which also has a curved façade but the rest of it looks like it could be an apartment building. We stopped in the Dalieda de San Francisco which is a small park on the site where the old convent of San Francisco was. The park is fill with flower beds with over 50 varieties of dahlias. Unfortunately they weren't in bloom in November but the view over the western part of the city is great. We walked as far as the Puerta de Toledo where we rested a while before starting the trek back to the Mercado de San Miguel for dinner.







The selection of tapas in the Mercado de San Miguel is a little intimidating when you have to dodge crowds to see and don't know what some things are and don't understand the language. We circled several times trying to get an idea of what we wanted then finally divided and conquered, each of us finding something truly yummy. Janet found some fresh mozzarella tostas and Sheri decided on several kinds of empanadas. Janet continued her goal to drink the signature beverage from each travel destination, in Madrid that means sangria.

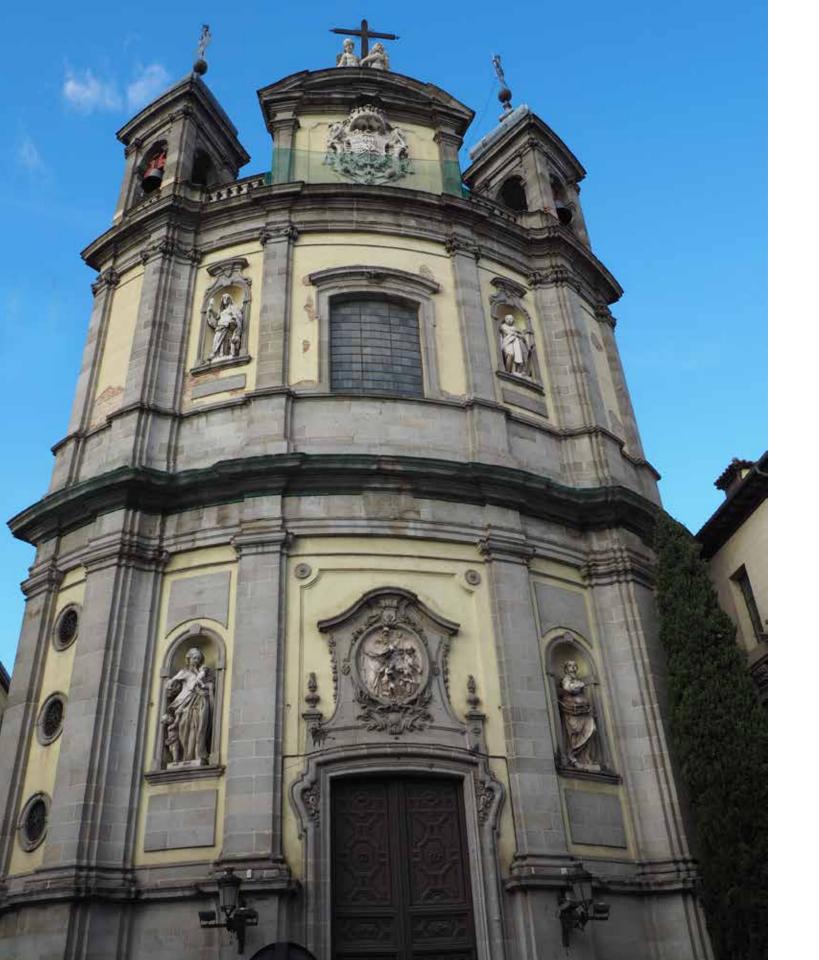
After dinner we passed back through Plaza Mayor and then to the Chocolateria San Gines to experience a time honored Madrid tradition. We saw then line and almost lost hope then figured out it moved pretty fast. It stands to reason that if you've been in business for 123 years, you probably have things figured out. We queued up and gave our order for the classic cup of chocolate and order of churros. A serious bargain at €4 each. The Spanish chocolate is so think and rich it's close to drinking pudding. It's perfect for dipping churros and very tempting to lick the cup so you don't waste a single drop.

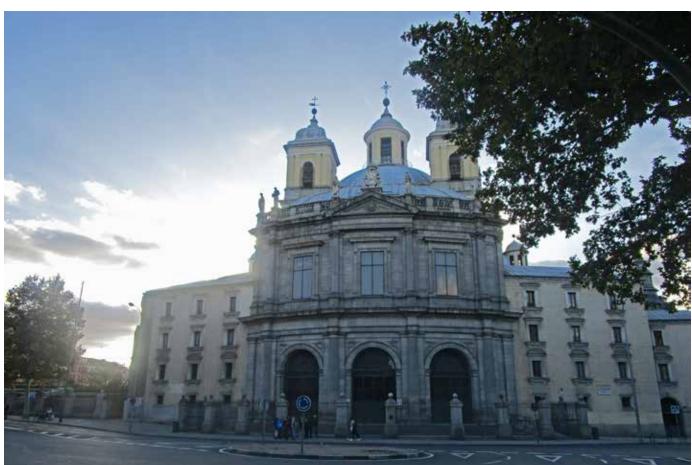


11













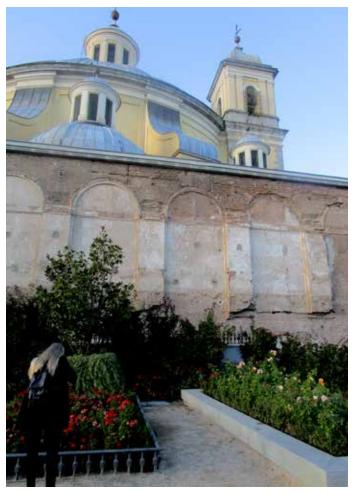




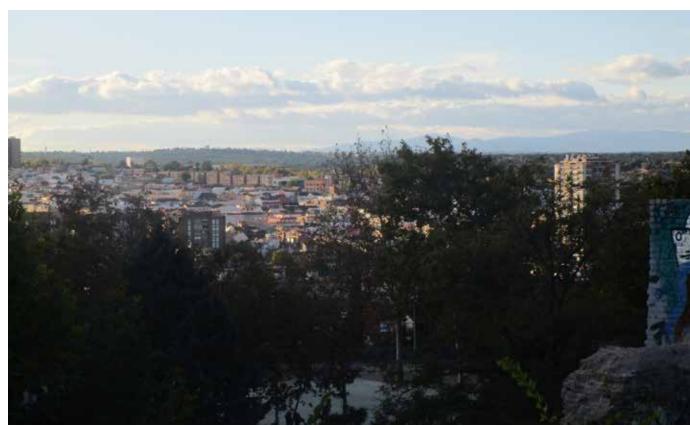


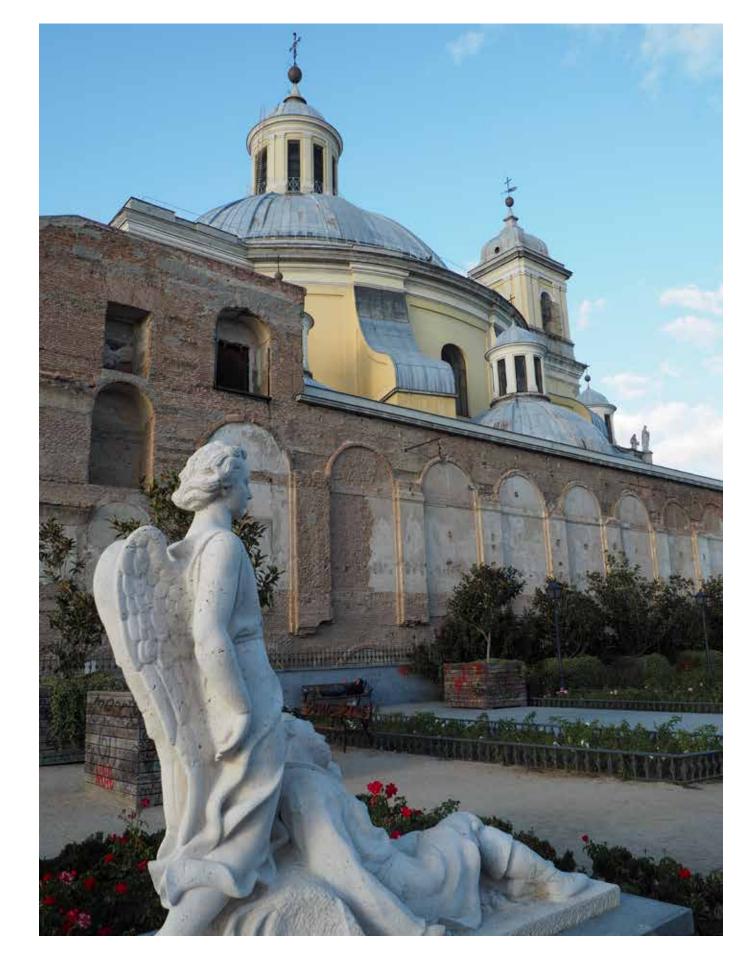














Again the planning and research paid off, we were close to our hotel well centered at Puerta del Sol and knew exactly where to find a grocery store and pick up drinks to keep in our room. The challenge was actually finding the grocery department once we entered the store. Like a lot of European stores, this was a massive department store with a grocery section.

Back at the hotel we tested the wi-fi and made video calls home then settled in for the night.









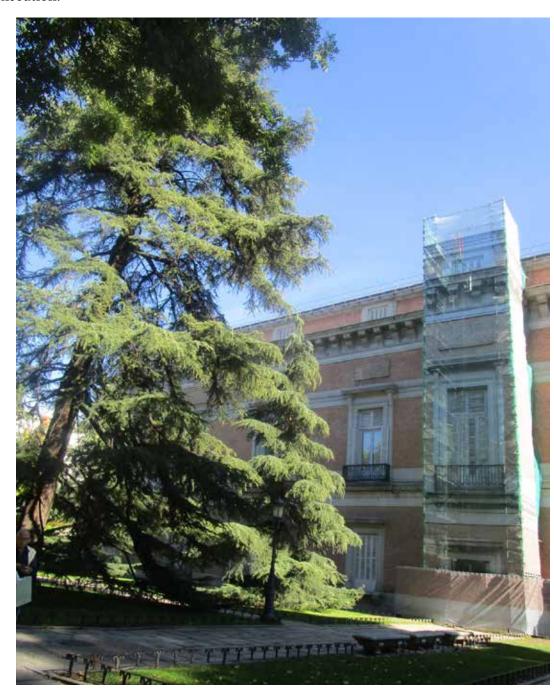






Day 2 - Madrid Museums

Our morning started with pastries from La Mallorquina which were quite yummy then we set out to see the Prado. We had chosen our hotel based on location so we were very centrally located. It was only about a 15 minute walk to the Museo del Prado and we arrived just as they were opening. Unfortunately they don't allow photography but the collection is amazing. We saw some of our favorite artists, Rubens, Raphael, Rembrandt and some we weren't as familiar with like Goya, El Greco and Velazquez. One of the most famous is "The 3rd of May in Madrid" by Goya. Like all Spanish art during their civil war, it's depressing. The painting is actually of an execution.





Lunch was next on the list so we found someplace close and inexpensive that also happened to have free refills on cokes which is almost unheard of in Europe. Gotta love Spain! After some sandwiches we headed to the Museo Thyssen and made it in time for the mid-day free time. Although the art in the Thyssen wasn't really our style, we did enjoy it. There were some nice Kandinskys which we're both a fan of, also some American artists, Georgia O'Keef and Homer Winslow.

Next stop, the Palacio de Cristal in the heart of Parque de El Retiro. The park is enormous and beautiful. There is a large lake where you can rent a row boat and paddle around. We walked the wooded paths to the Palacio where the Museo Reina Sofia holds exhibits. While we were there it was an exhibit in the floor by Doris Salcedo, a Columbian artist. In Palimpsest, her work in the Palacio de Cristal, Salcedo honors all those who have drowned in the Mediterranean and Atlantic over the past twenty years attempting to emigrate from their countries of origin in search of a better life. Some of the names of men and women who died while fleeing are temporarily and intermittently written with drops of water on stone slabs made through a complex hydraulic engineering system. We had to wear special booties over our shoes to enter the palace.















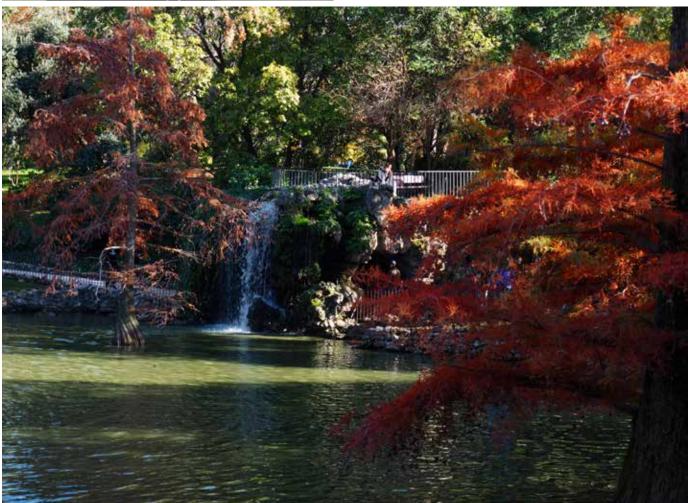


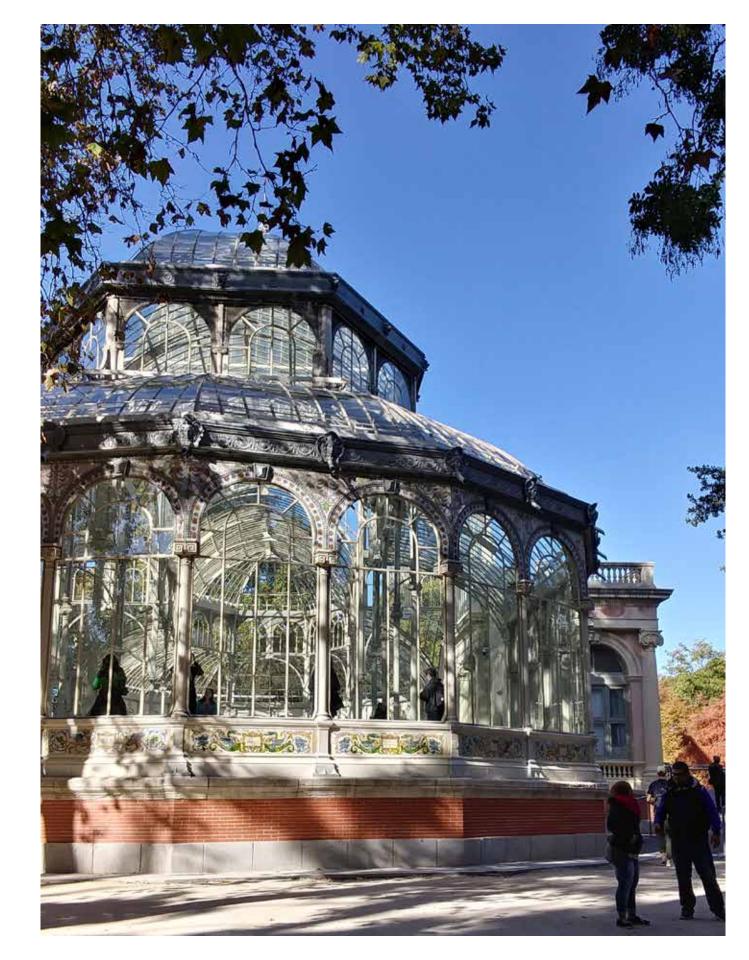


The glass palace is very pretty from the outside but it's spectacular from the inside, especially on such a beautiful day. The entire structure being glass, it's like the park outside is the décor, the sky is the ceiling. We walked on through the park, taking the opportunity to rest on one of the many benches and people watched for a while. Finally we made our way past the train station and to the Museo Reina Sofia.

The Sofia is located in the Sabatini building which was built in the 18th century for a hospital which functioned from 1788 to 1965 and was then abandoned and nearly demolished. Fortunately it was designated a Historical Artistic Monument and then began to be used for art exhibitions in the 1980's. It has been a museum since 1990.

The most famous painting in the Sofia is Picasso's "Guernica". Sheri, while not a Picasso fan, wanted to see the painting she had to study in art class. It's not attractive but it is certainly impressive. A surprise of





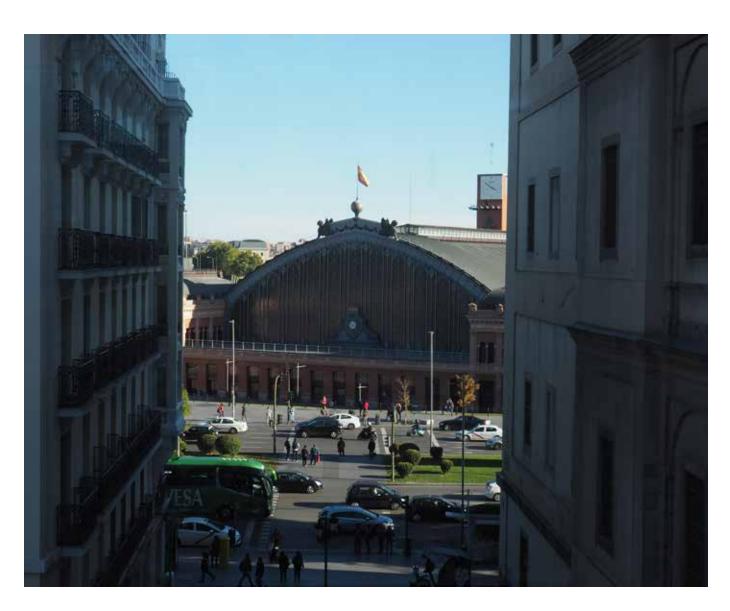




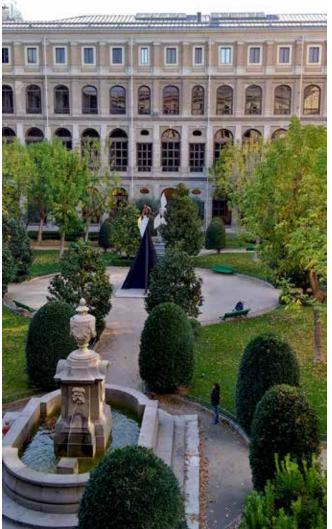
the Sofia is the outdoor area above the public plaza which overlooks the street and the Madrid train station. There is one very different sculpture which is a large cow with a pig and a sheep standing on it's back. All of the animals have outlines of cuts of meat on them and uniorn-type horns. Rob appreciated photos of the thing, dubbing it the "Meaticorn"!

Wandering back toward our hotel Sheri just had to stop into a small butcher shop that sold ham and cheese. After selecting small portions of two cheeses and one slice of ham (for Sheri) from the man who didn't really speak English. Further down the street we dropped into a small store to pick up bread and drinks and had a hotel picnic.

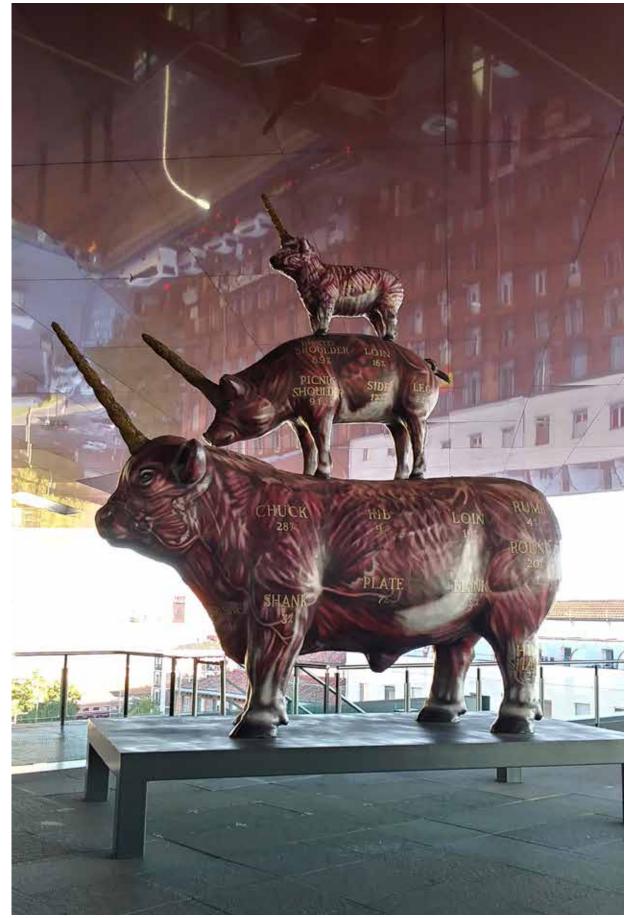
Ham, or jamon in Spanish, is pretty much the most important meat in Spain. There are even museums dedicated to jamon. You see the hams hanging in shops, tapas bars and restaurants. The prices vary but the most expensive is Jamon Iberico de Bellota which is as much as \$1,000 for a whole ham. It's made from black Iberian pigs who are allowed to roam and feed naturally on grass, herbs, acorns and roots until just before slaughter when they are fed a strict diet of olives or acorns. The hams are salted and left to dry for two weeks then rinsed and left to dry for another six weeks. The curing process then takes at least a year, sometimes up to four years.

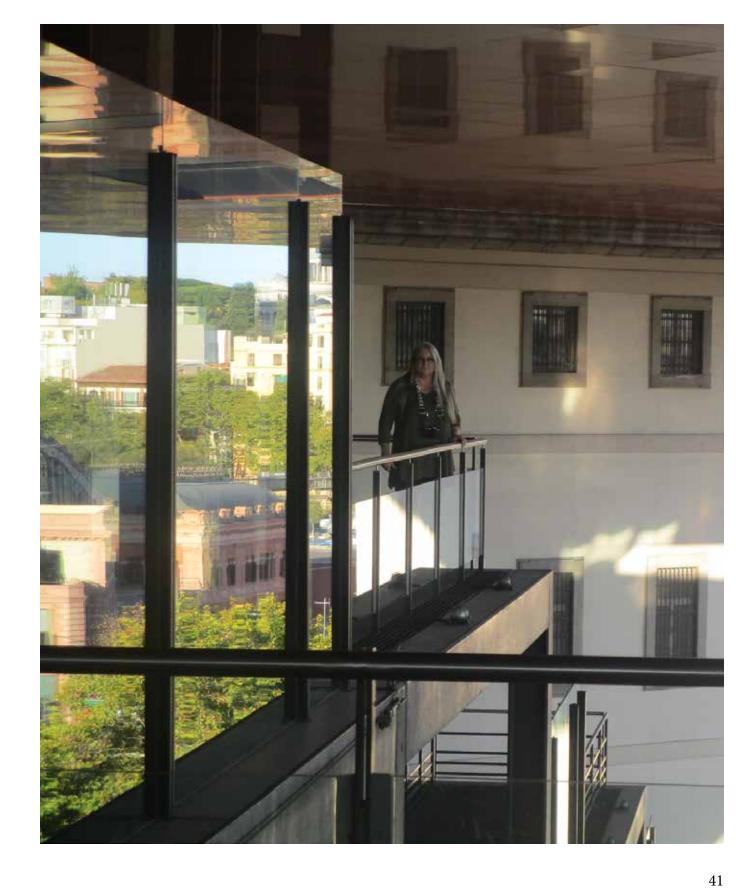














After resting our tired feet for a while we decided it was dinner time and went back to the Mercado de San Miguel to see what we had missed the night before. Sheri tried a variety of stuffed olives and Janet sampled some different tostas with mozzarella. Of course there was sangria! Janet gave into temptation and picked up some nice desserts to sample, one was an amazing triple chocolate mousse tart. A very nice end to a great day.









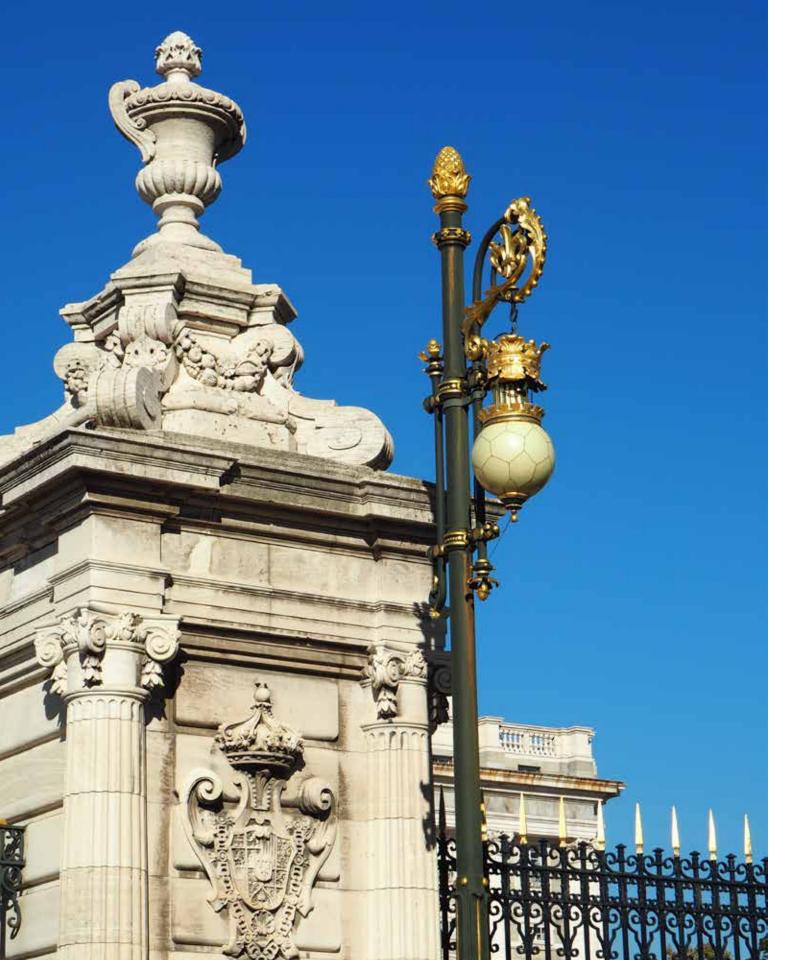












Day 3 - No Palace Today

We had planned our day to begin with a visit to the Royal Palace. It didn't quite work out that way. We arrived at the plaza next to the palace to see the street closed off and mounted police in amazing boots patrolling. After finally locating the entrance we found out that the palace was closed until Thursday for state functions. Unfortunately by Thursday we would be in Barcelona so we changed to plan B.

We headed up the street from the palace wondering why group after group of school children were walking by carrying flowers. Fortunately the noisy little urchins were headed the opposite direction so we didn't worry too much.

Janet had researched several things to do north of the palace so we started in that direction, our first stop was the Plaza de Espana for a look at the Monumento a Cervantes, the Spanish author of "Don Quixote" which he published in 1605.

Lunch time came and we started looking for some place to eat, we passed a Tex-Mex restaurant (nope), a Taco Bell (oh hell no) and finally found another location of the same restaurant we visited the day before























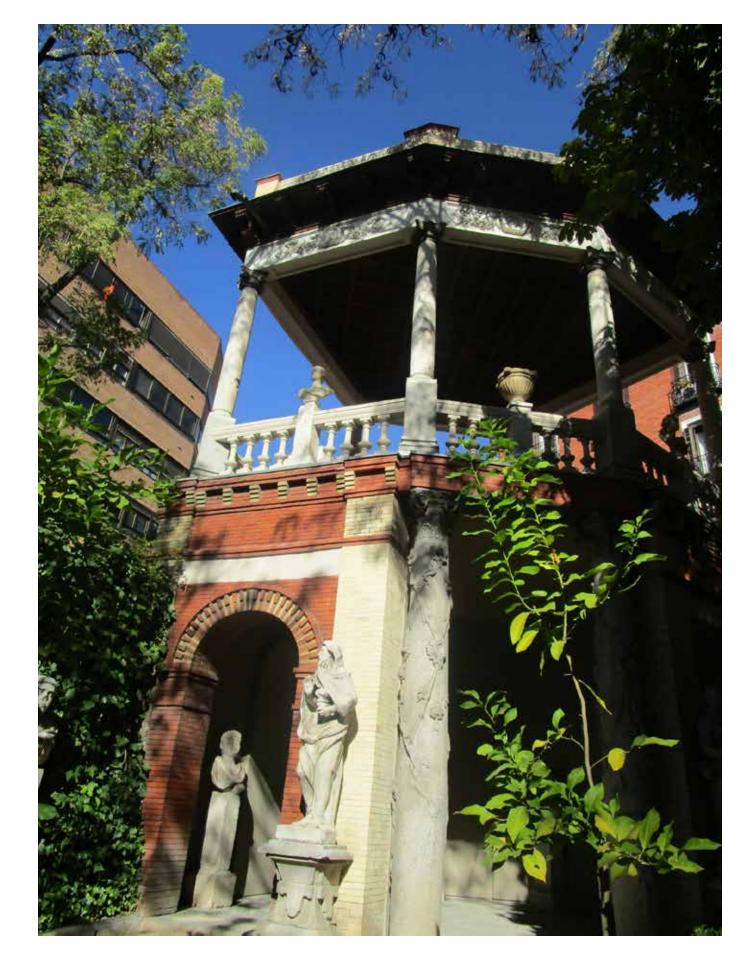
so we tried it again. Free refills are in Europe are special.

According to Janet's notes, the Museo Cerralbo was just around the corner so we went that way. The museum is in a 19th century mansion that, even empty, would be worth the visit. The entrance leads you to a grand double staircase rising to the first floor (first floor above ground level, we had a

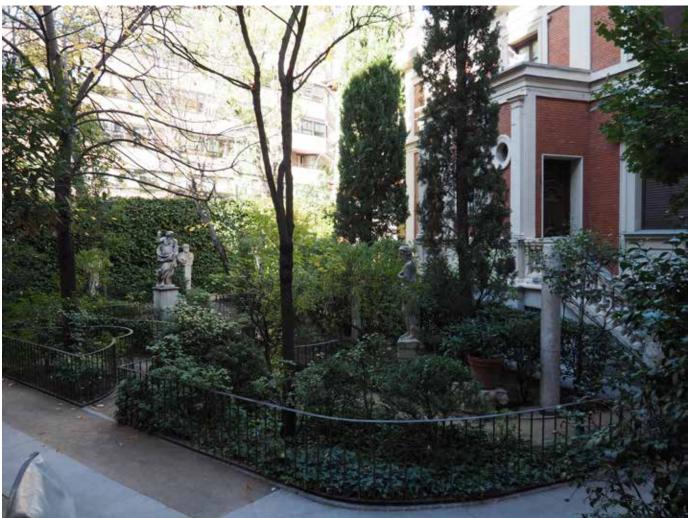
hard time with this in elevators). The mansion was the home of the Marquis of Cerralbo who died in 1922 and left the home and his collections to the Spanish State.

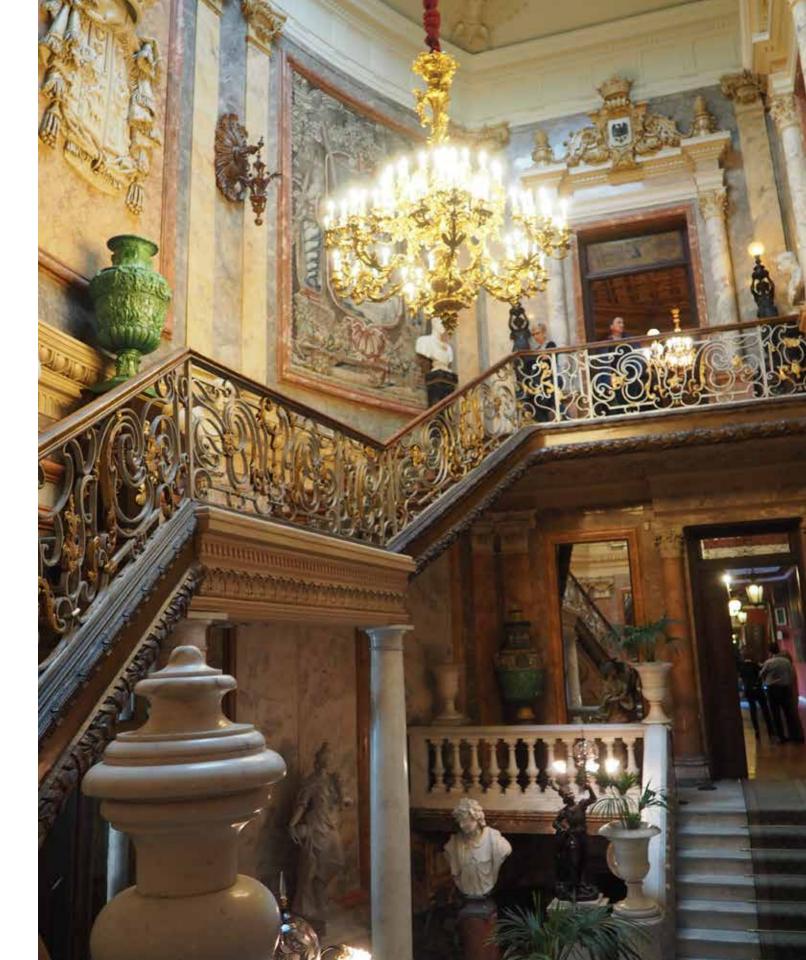
The mansion has towers, a central courtyard and a private walled garden. The interior is very ornate, Neo-Baroque and Rococo. It might actually look better without most of the furnishings. Apparently the Marquis' collection was huge. Most of the rooms are overfilled with art and objects. Each piece is lovely but there is just too much when the walls and tables are all completely covered in every room. When you realize there are













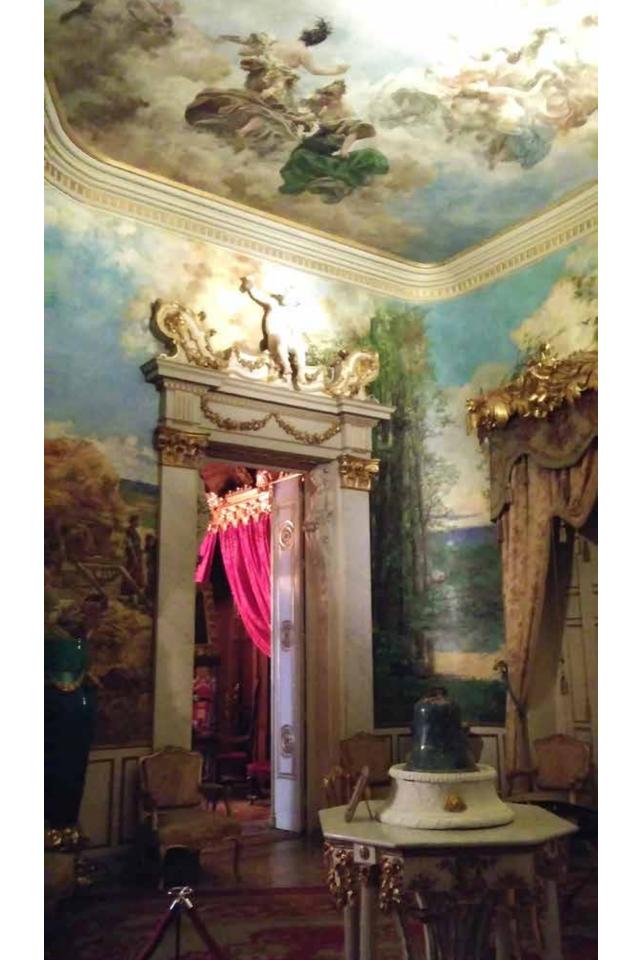


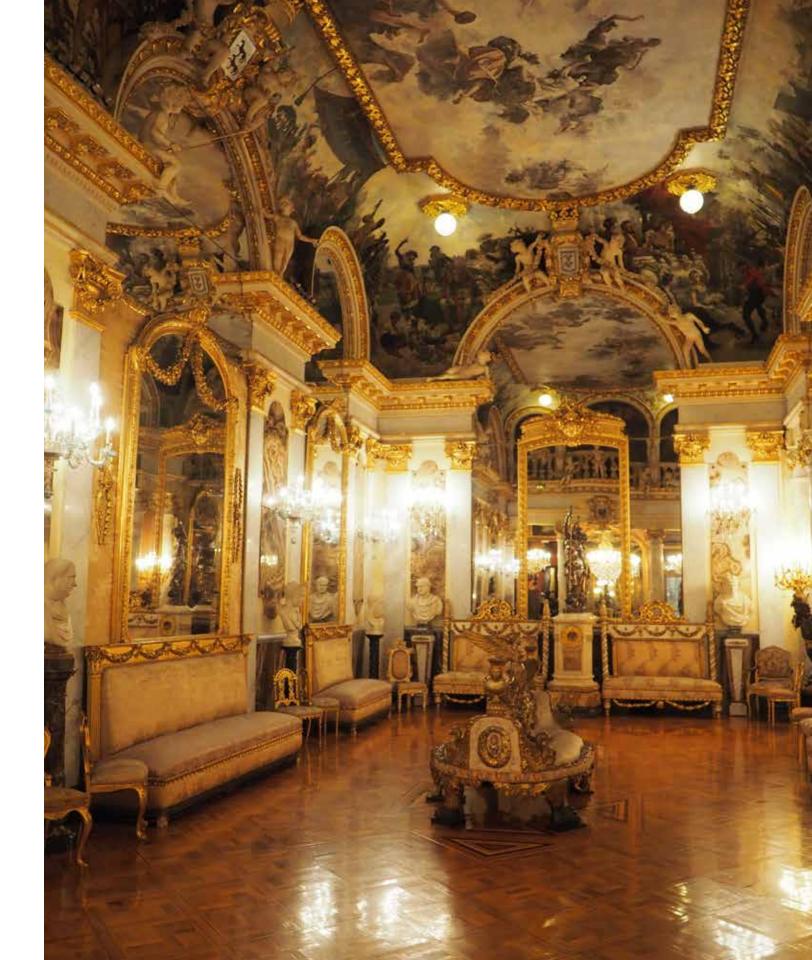


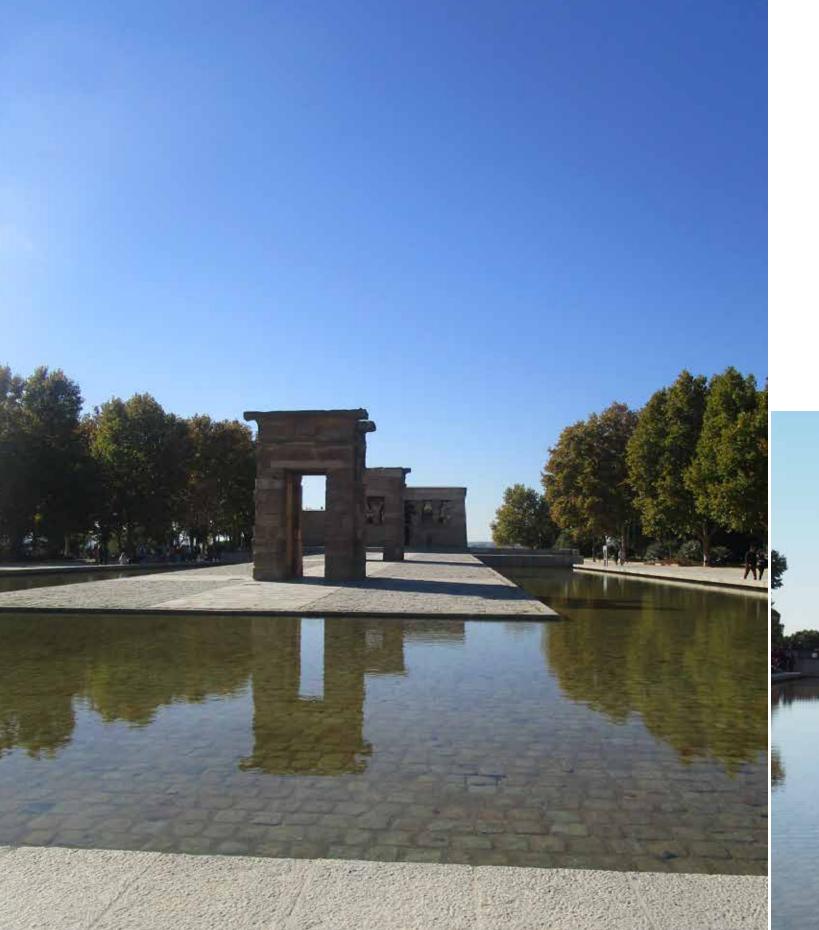








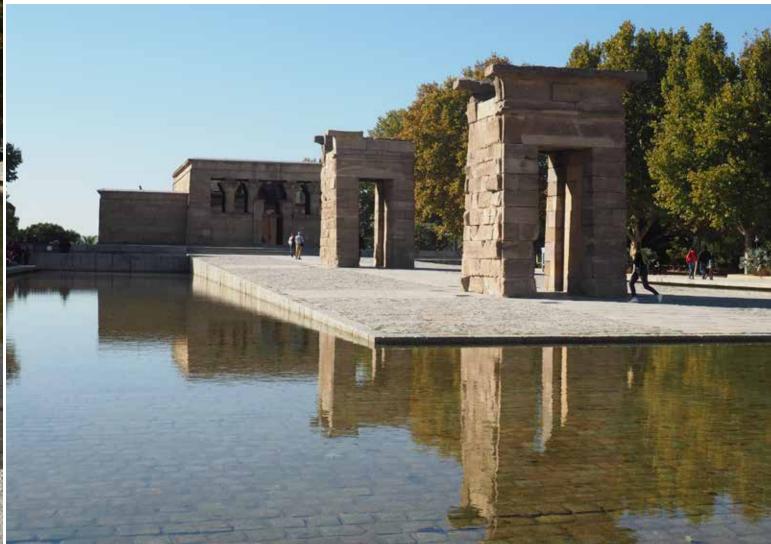




twenty-eight rooms on the tour, that's a lot of stuff. The museum loaned each visitor a spiral notebook with information on each room and the most important pieces, which was very helpful to focus our attention.

There are some excellent features to the house. One is the colorful Murano chandeliers in the parlor and hall-way. Janet loved the green malachite table. The most impressive room in the mansion is the ballroom which seems even larger because of the enormous Venetian mirrors.

Across the street and up the hill from the Cerralbo is the ancient Templo de Debod. The Egyptian temple built in the 2nd century BC, had been located in the area along the Nile that would be covered by the lake formed by the Aswan dam. Construction started in the mid 1950's and UNESCO started a project to recover everything possible before the dam was completed and all of the archaeological sites were covered by water. Spain contributed a large amount to the project and in return requested the Debod Temple. The temple was sent to Spain and put in place, opening to visitors in 1972.









We finally made our way back south and as we passed by the palace stopped to take some pictures. Sheri saw a good photo op from directly in front of the gates and moved over to stand with other people waiting on the same shot. They had to wait for the selfie people to get finished. We waited so long that all but Sheri and another man were left waiting. Just as the last selfie people left, a tour guide moved his entire group into the shot. Janet caught a photo of that moment when Sheri turned to the man beside her and said "really?"

Not only did the tour guide kill the shot, he started walking toward Sheri with iPhone in hand to ask her something. Before he could even utter his request, she said "no." The look on the guide's face was priceless! Sheri began to explain, "Now, the reason I said no is because I have been standing here waiting for this shot to clear and you just lead your entire group into it." The guide started to stutter out an apology and Sheri said, "I believe you were going to ask me to take a photo of your group?" The guide said he was, Sheri agreed to take the photo. She said she couldn't handle all the bad karma if she had turned them down flat. The entire group walked past her as they left saying thanks and apologizing for getting in her way. Sheri finally got her shot.



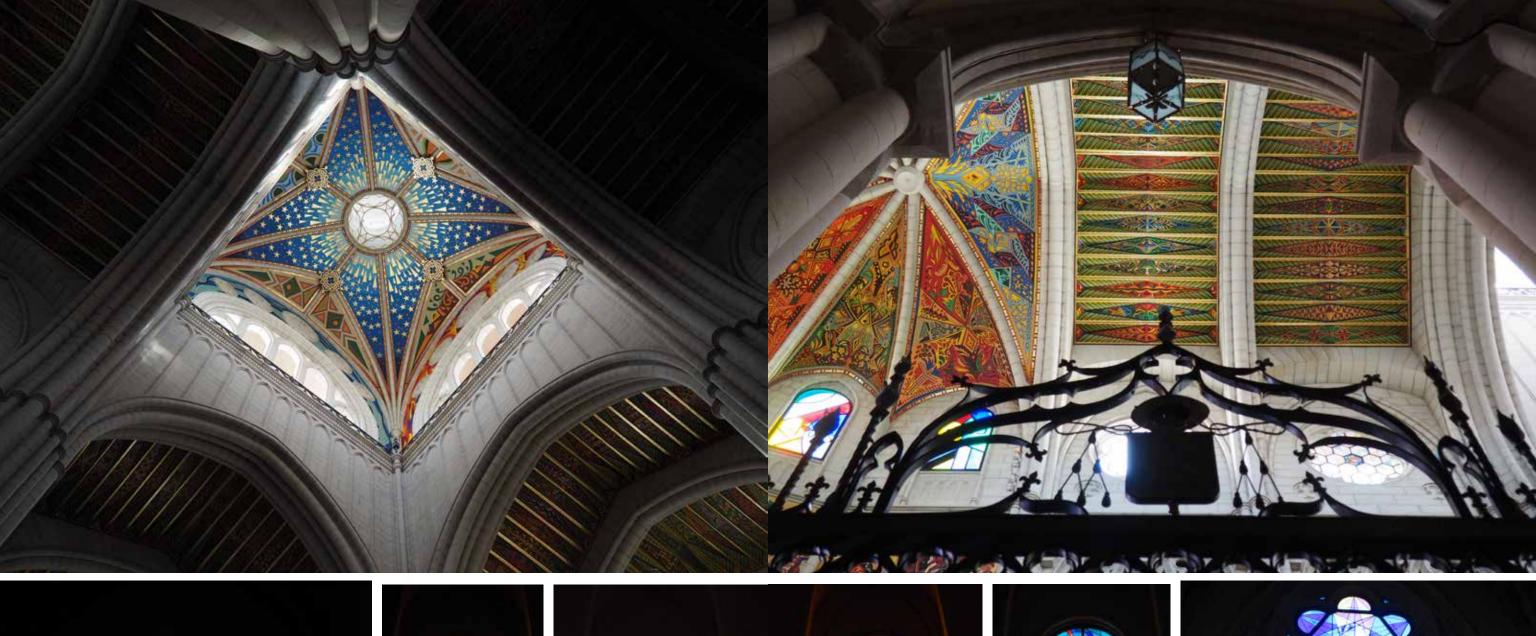
We finally found out why all the little school children were marching past us carrying flowers. We found more children at the entrance to the Catedral de la Almuenda. There was a stage set up and flowers were everywhere. It happens that a statue that was dedicated to the Virgin Mary had been lost when invaders came to Madrid in the 700's and it had been sealed in a wall for protection. For three hundred years it stayed there. When the town finally began to look for the statue in 1085 a portion of the wall crumbled and there was the statue. Eventually it was placed in the cathedral built for it right across from the Royal Palace. November 9th is the feast day of the Virgin of La Almuenda and apparently on November 7th all the little school children take their turn bringing flowers and walking past the statue in the church. We were very brave and went

The cathedral appears to be quite old but it was actually completed in 1993. It was originally started in the 1890's but a lack of funds, the death of architects and the Spanish Civil War all got in the way. Although the interior appears gothic, the stained glass windows are where the age of the cathedral shows, they're all rela-

Once we escaped the children of the cathedral, we moved on down the street to the next church, the Real Basilica San Francisco el Grande. We had been by there the day before but hadn't gone in. We still didn't go

On our way back to the hotel we made another stop in the Plaza Mayor, this time relaxing in an outdoor café





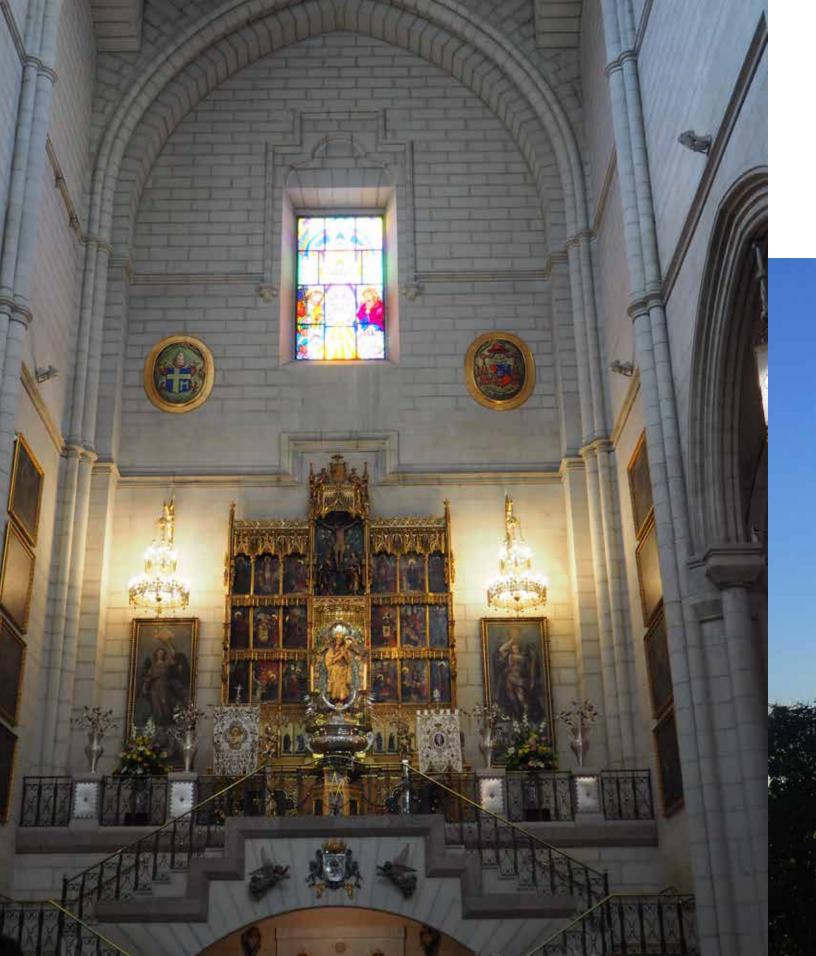






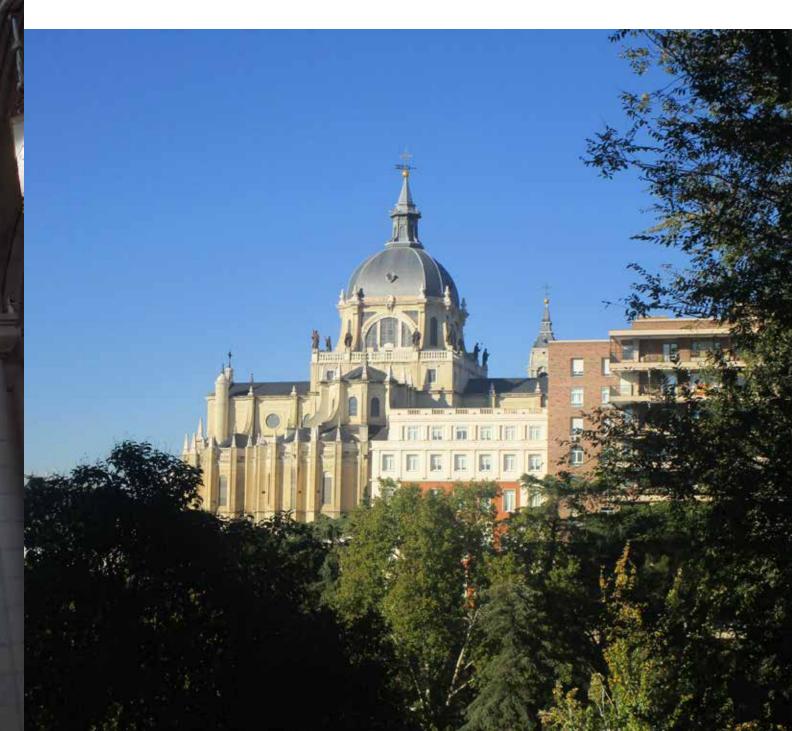






with helado (ice cream) and for Janet, a sangria. She says sangria goes with everything. She's probably right. It was late in the afternoon and a good time to sit and watch the people go by.

For dinner that night Janet found a nice little restaurant not far from our hotel that served a good paella and an even better sangria. Yes, it does go with everything! After dinner we headed back to the hotel to pack up for heading to Barcelona the next day.

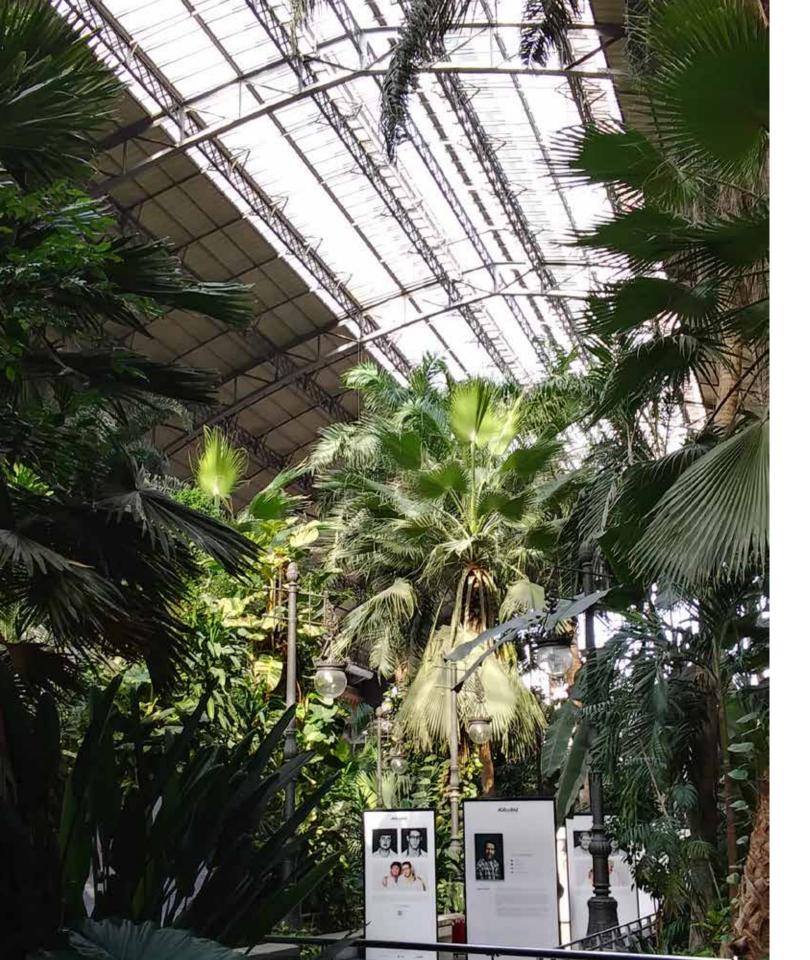












Day 4 - Almost to Barcelona

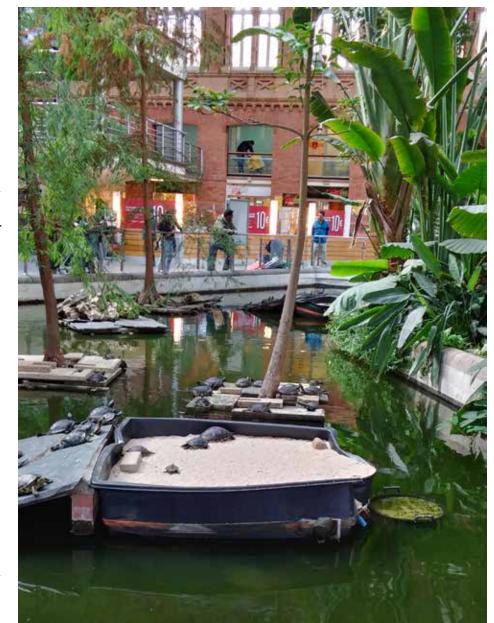
We took our time getting up and ready to head to the train station for our trip to Barcelona. It was nice, relaxing way to start our day. We arrived at the Madrid Atocha railway station. The original 19th century building became too small so a larger modern station was built behind it. The old station is now a huge tropical garden, complete with turtles.

We relaxed at the station with a snack and a drink while waiting on our train. The security is really high there, probably for a very good reason. The worst terrorist attack in Spain was in this station on March 11, 2004.

Packed arriving commuter trains were struck in a series of coordinated bombings, killing 191 people and wounding 1,800. The attacks were directed by an al-Qaeda terrorist cell.

We really needed the extra time to figure out the station, it was multi-level and quite confusing. The information lady only glanced at our tickets and said "upstairs." Not a great deal of information. We did however find our way to the train and boarded for our comfortable high speed ride on the AVE to Barcelona. We didn't quite make it.

About a half hour before we were scheduled to arrive at the Barcelona Sants station our train stopped in a tunnel. We waited, and waited. We waited about 45 minutes and listened to another passenger have an argument with a train conductor in Spanish. About all we could get out of that was the conductor didn't know why we were stopped or how long we would be there. We waited





some more. About 30 minutes later an announcement, again in Spanish, was made and all the people around us started gathering up their belongings. Sheri understood only that it was 'not possible' for our train to go to the station. Still no idea what was going on. We asked another passenger who spoke English if he could tell us what the announcement was. He told us we had to get off this train and on to another one.

So, we gather our bags (thank goodness for packing very light) hop off the train, practically run down the tunnel to stairs, up to a regional commuter station where they opened the gates for us and then down some stairs and on another platform to wait on another train. We finally arrived at Barcelona Sants about 2 hours late to find that there was a protest going on and they weren't letting trains into the station. Apparently it only affected long distance trains because the commuter trains and metro were running just fine. We caught a metro train and were on our way to the hotel.

The hotel was a bit tricky, first we had to take the elevator from the street to the lobby, register, pick up our key and listen to detailed instructions on how to get to our room. Security is good in the Hotel Continental, we had to pass through locked and monitored doors to get to both the lobby and to our floor. The clerk at the desk even showed us where the free food, beer and wine were located. All available 24 hours a day. Win!





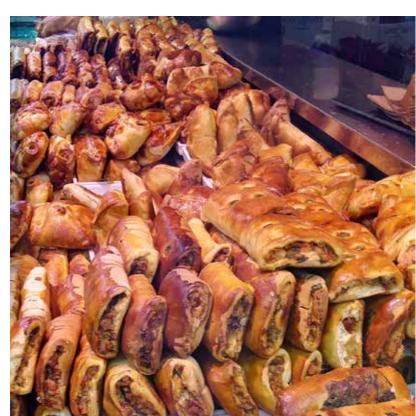






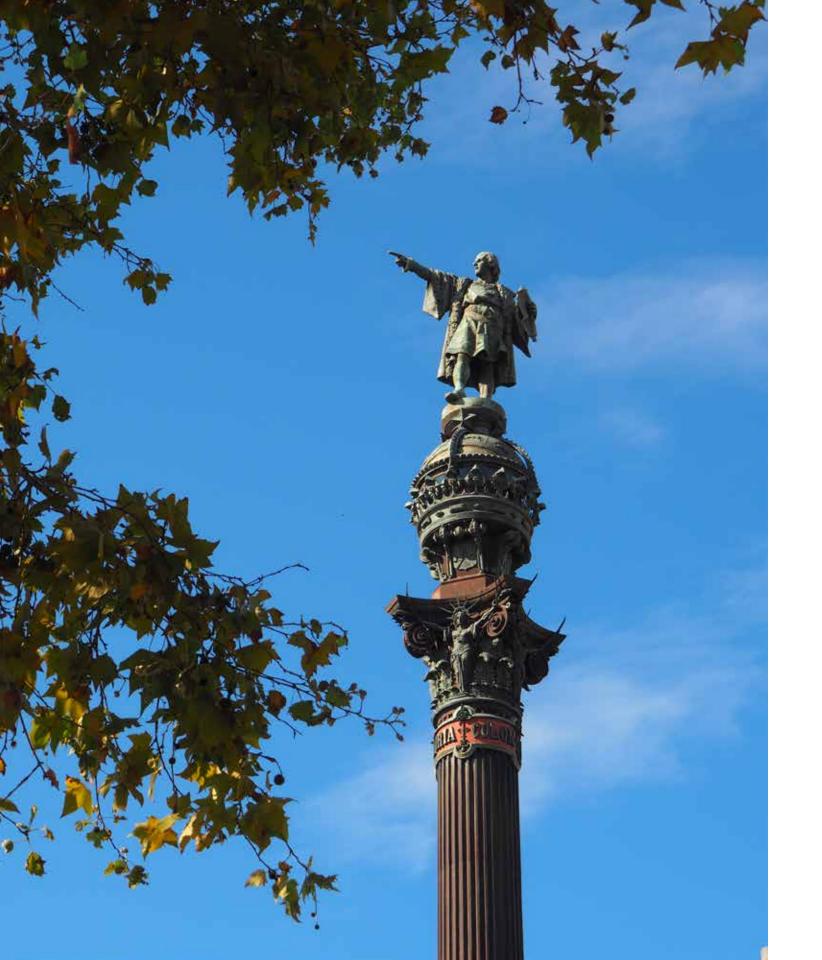






We found our room and figured out the strange panel by the door to get the lights on and ditched our bags. We headed down La Rambla to the nearest grocery store for drinks to stash in our room's refrigerator and to generally wander the aisles discovering new things to eat or drink. We headed back to the hotel and hung out drinking free adult beverages on the patio and talking to other travelers. We met a lovely couple from Canada and begged them to trade presidents with us. They laughed at us and unfortunately declined our gracious offer. Damn, but we tried!



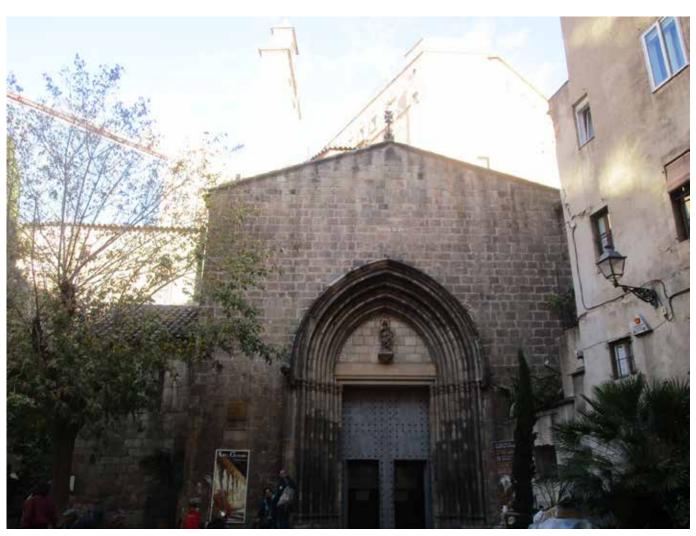


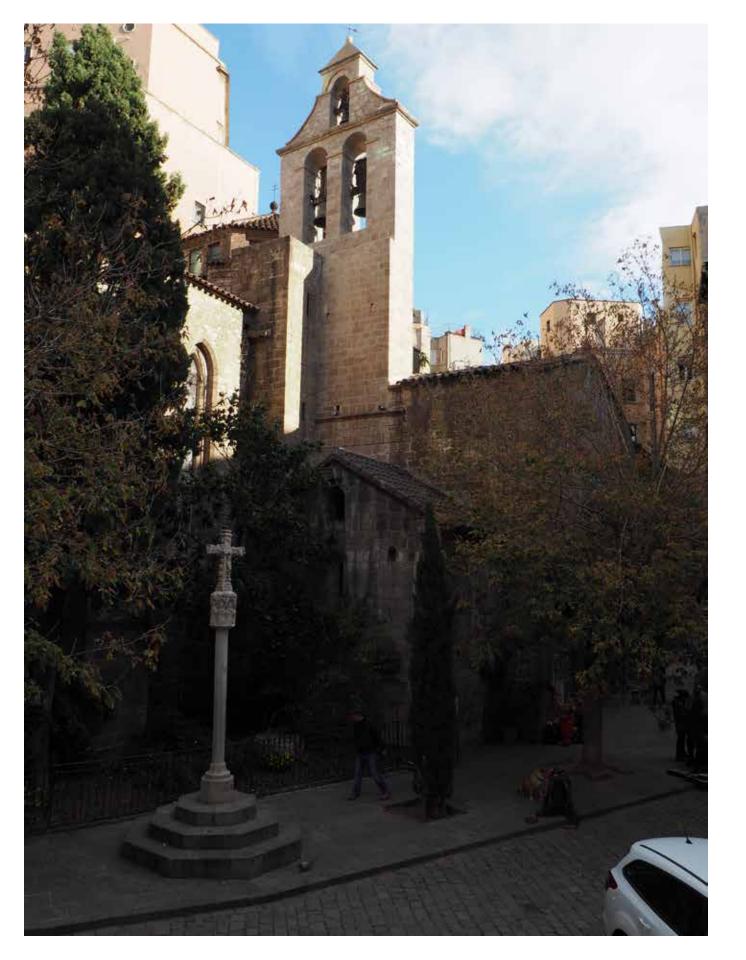
Day 5 - Hola Barcelona

Our first morning in Barcelona we had a quick breakfast in the hotel then set out to walk the Old Quarter. The location of the hotel was excellent, our first stop was just a couple of blocks away. A fairly simple church, Iglesia de Santa Ana. It was commissioned by monks of the Holy Sepulcher who were sent to Barcelona in the 12th century. The complex of church and monastery took three centuries to build so it is in both the Roman and Gothic styles.

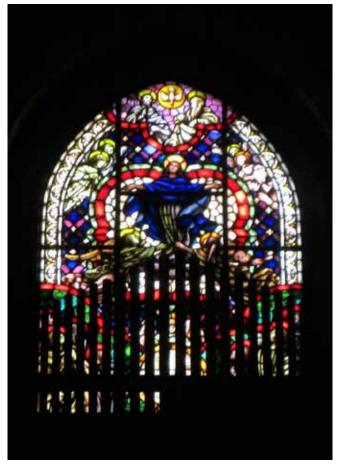
We walked along the Portal de l'Angel, the most expensive street in Spain. The rents are high and there are always lots of tourists. We followed it down to the very grand and ornate Catedral del Barcelona, a total contrast to Iglesia de Santa Ana. The first church on this site was built in the 4th century and destroyed by the Arabs in about 700. The present Cathedral stands on those ruins and was begun in 1298 and completed in the 15th century.

Just outside of the cloister of the Catedral del Barcelona is the Monument als Herois del 1809 (Monument to the Martyrs of Independence) dedicated to the participants in a failed insurgency against Napoleon in 1809.

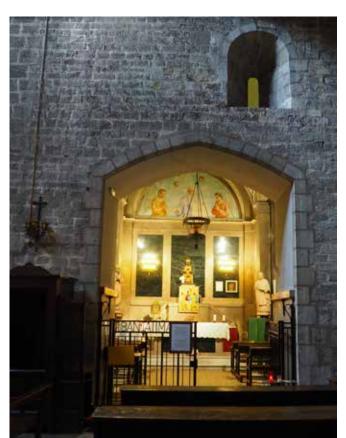








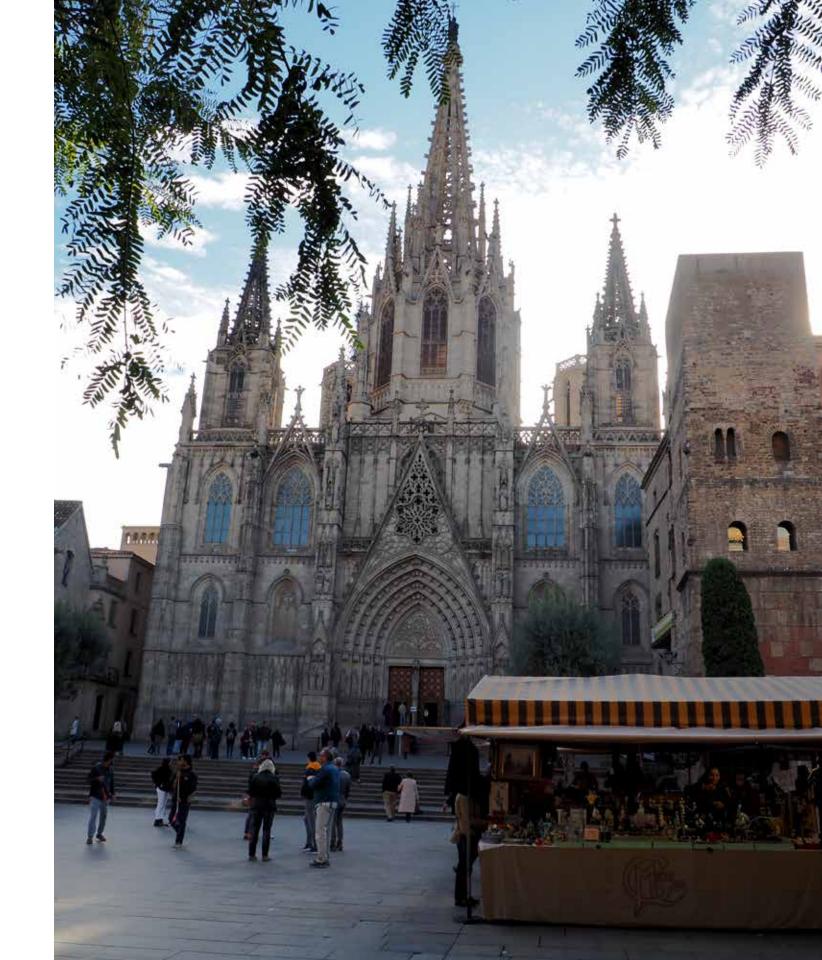


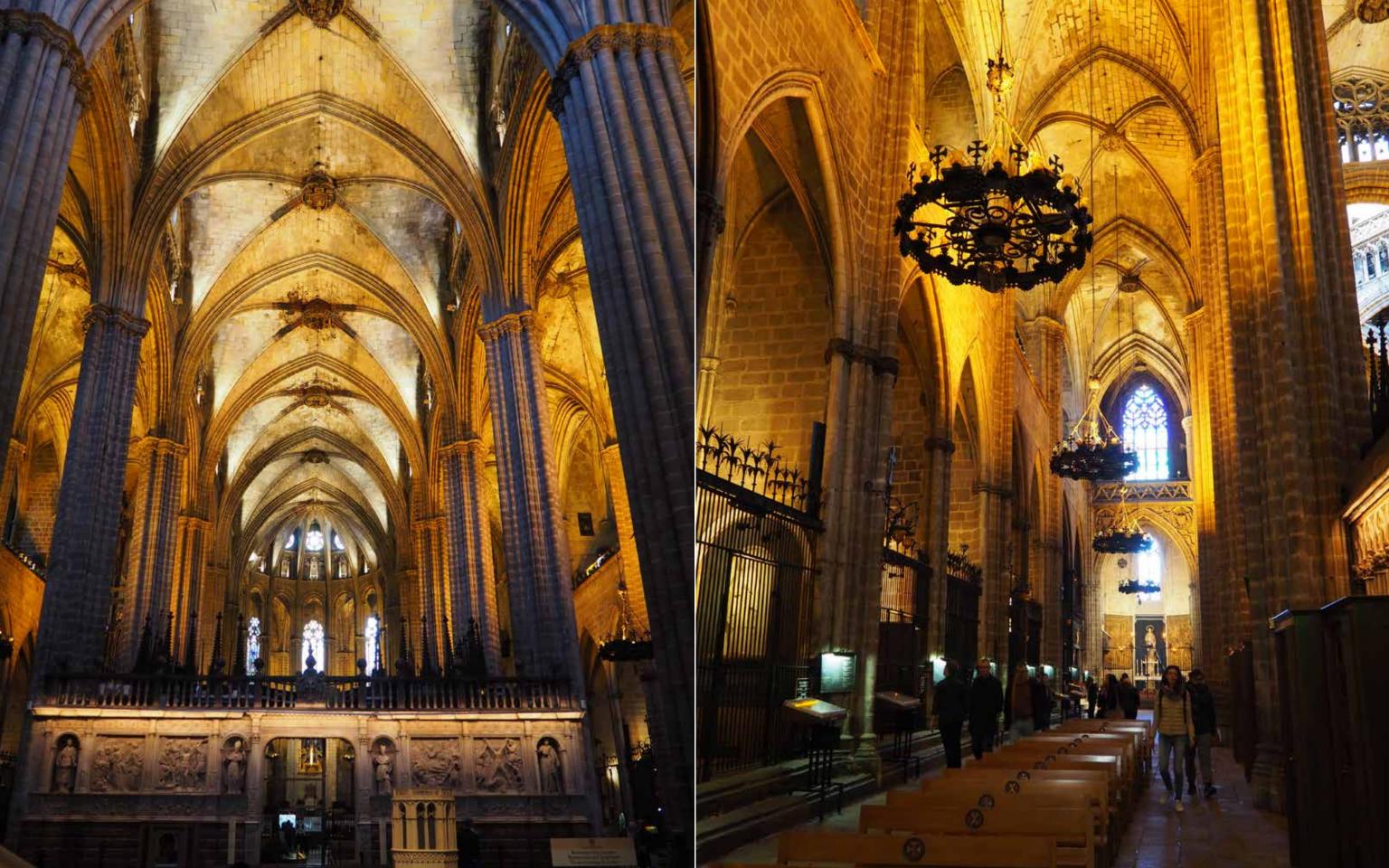


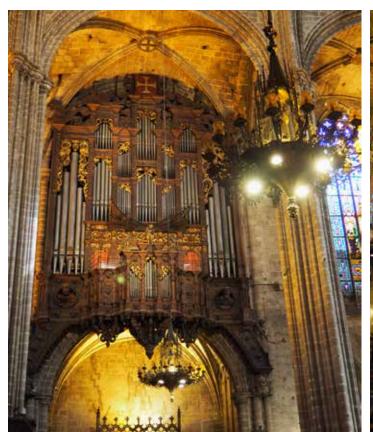
Not far behind the Catedral, Janet turned us down a narrow little alley called Carrer del Paradis at the end of which was an archway leading to the remains of the Temple of Augustus. This was a Roman temple built during the Imperial period in the colony of Barcino. The temple was the central building on Taber Hill. The only remains are three columns surrounded now by the closely packed buildings of the Gothic Quarter and covered by a glass roof.

We walked back out to Carrer del Bisbe (Bishop's Street) and under the tiny Pont del Bisbe (Bishop's Bridge) which joins the Casa dels Canonges (Canon's House) and the Palau de la Generalitat, a government building. The bridge looks like it's been there for centuries but has only been in place since 1928.

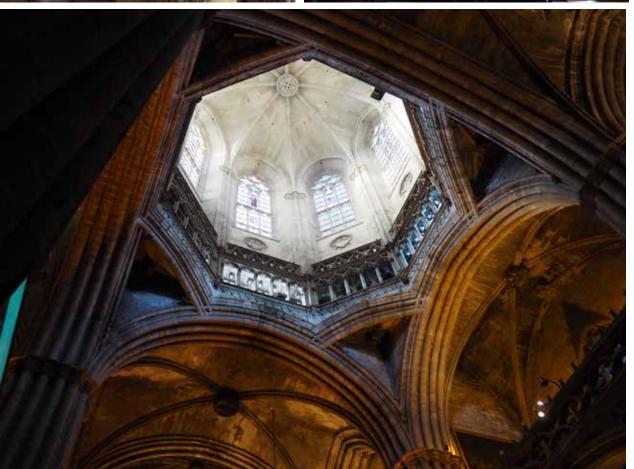
As we walked through the city we noticed quite a few Catalan flags flying from windows. Sometimes alongside the Spanish flag, sometimes not. With the efforts for Catalan independence, it was made clear who supported separation and who wanted to remain a part of Spain.









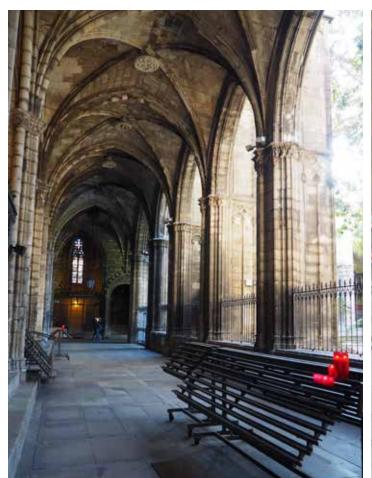




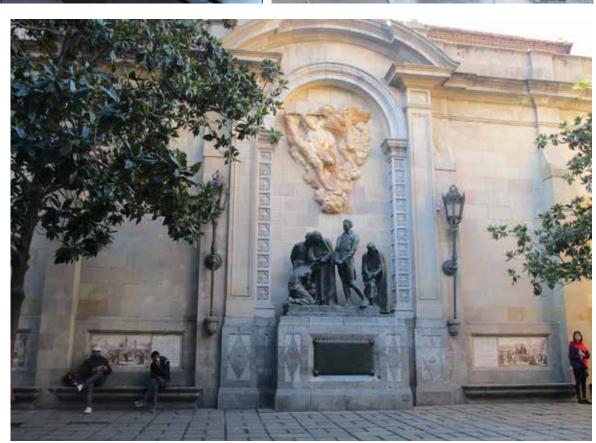
The last church we visited in the Gothic Quarter was the Santa Maria del Mar (Saint Mary of the Sea). It was built between 1329 and 1383 at the height of sea trading in the Aragon Kingdom. The style is known as Catalan Gothic and is unusually open and light with the spacing of the columns the widest of any Gothic church in Europe, about 40 feet apart, center to center.

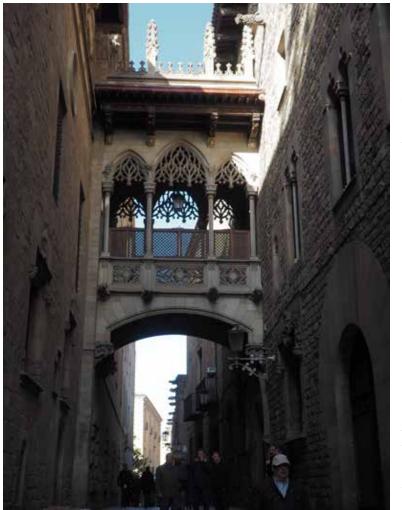
Eventually we reached the Port of Barcelona with its many yachts and tourist attractions. We walked along the shore to the Monument of Columbus. The cast-iron column stands in the middle of the Plaça de la Porta de Pau (Square of the Gate of Peace). It is set on a stone pedestal sumptuously decorated with statues. The statue of Columbus atop the sixty meter tall column (197 ft) overlooks the sea. The monument is placed at the site where Christopher Columbus arrived in 1493 after his discovery of America the year before.

It was getting close to our scheduled visit to the Sagrada Familia so we headed to the Metro to make our way to the Gaudi masterpiece. The exterior of the church is a perfect example of why we use the word gaudy to





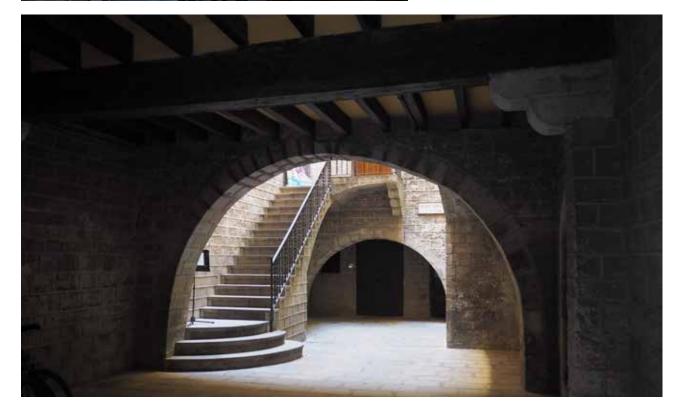




describe decoration that is over done or too much. Both façades are very busy and sometimes look jumbled. The east side more so than the west. One of Janet's favorites is the sculpture of the knight on the west façade. You could move just five steps and see something completely different, all while craning your neck to see the candy like peaks. Amazing details in all of it.

Of course it was also lunch time so once we arrived, we snapped some photos of the exterior of the Sagrada and then found a restaurant. Janet had been looking for Berenjenas con Miel, a fried eggplant dish with honey, and Sheri had been in love with the variety of Spanish olives and cheeses. Janet got her eggplant which was as amazing as she hoped and Sheri got a Manchego cheese sandwich and a dish of delicious olives on the side.

Janet realized that her camera battery was very low and we hunted for a shop that sold battery chargers. We found a cell phone shop that had just what she needed. The problem was, it needed a charge badly before we went into the church. Janet found a small store that







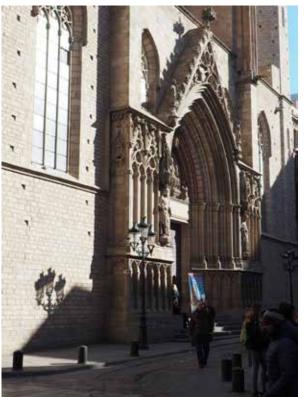


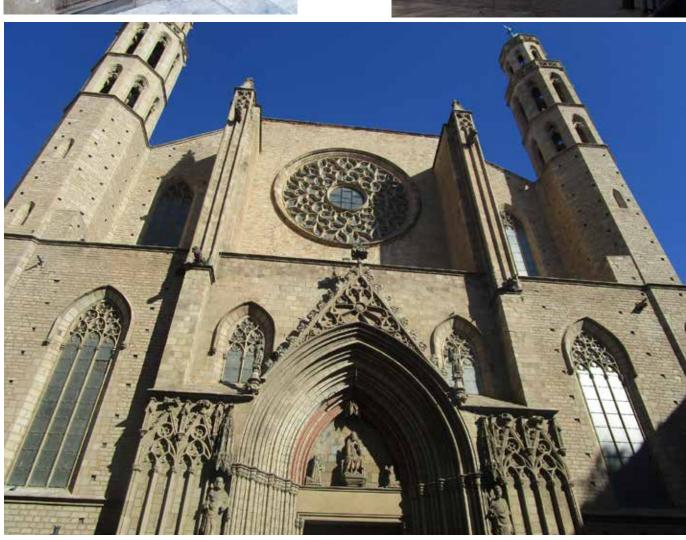
allowed her to plug in her battery charger for 30 minutes which was just enough of a charge to make it through the church. Sheri's camera battery ran out just after that and when she switched batteries, she realized the second one was dead also. This was the Día de las Baterías Muertas (Day of the Dead Batteries). Fortunately Sheri was able to use her phone to take pictures in the church so all was not lost.

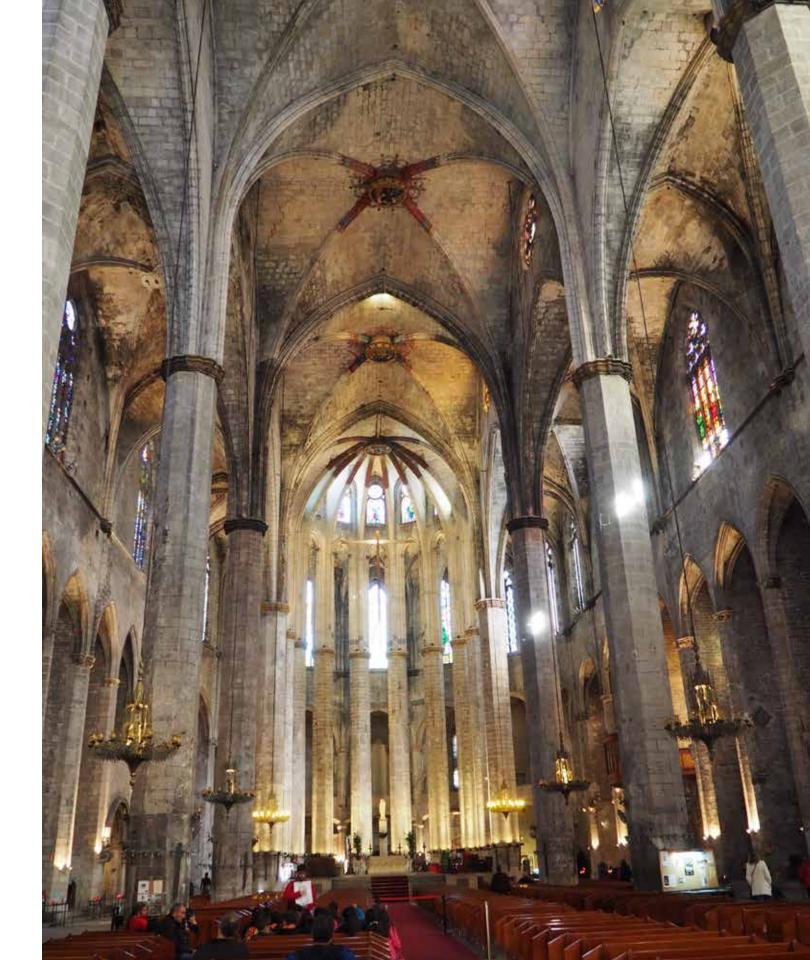
After years of waiting to see Gaudi's Sagrada Familia, Sheri was not disappointed. From the first close up look at the doors covered in sculpted vines and the amazing rainbow of colors projected from the stained glass windows she was in awe. The interior is relatively plain as compared to the outside but that just shows off the colors from the windows even more. The typical Gaudi curves and odd angles are somehow tamed inside the church but still had unique and completely unexpected details everywhere. Sagrada Familia may not be any higher than other churches but from the inside it seems so, the simple columns really make it soar.

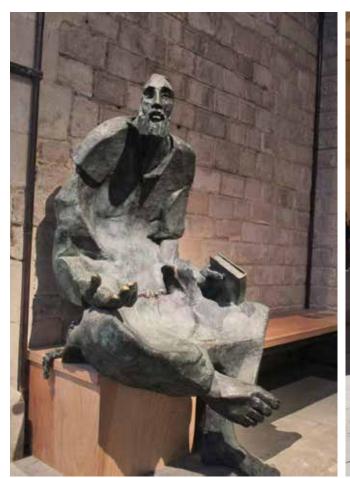
Janet was as much in awe as Sheri. Inside the colors on every surface from the stained glass were the main decoration. The bright sunny day coming through the windows made the colors that much more intense. All of the colors made the pipe organ glow as if it were lit by a rainbow. It was hard to walk around for always wanting to look up at the ceiling. Janet hadn't particularly appreciated Gaudi's style before our visit to Barcelona but came away with a much greater appreciation of his work.

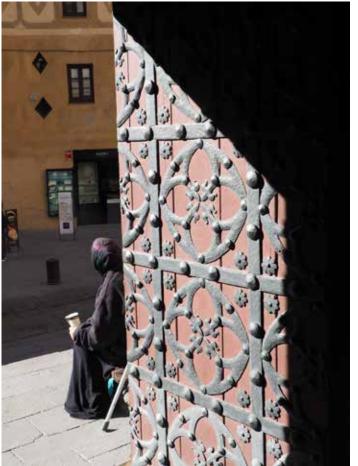


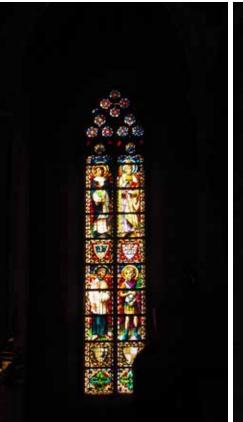


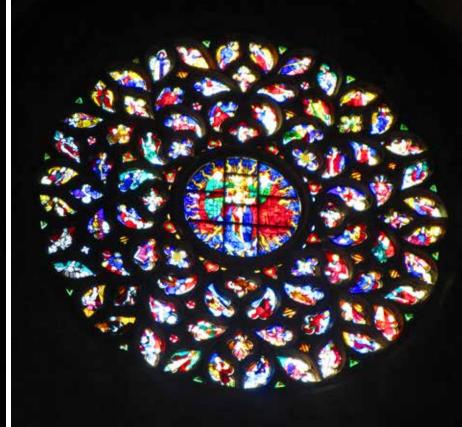










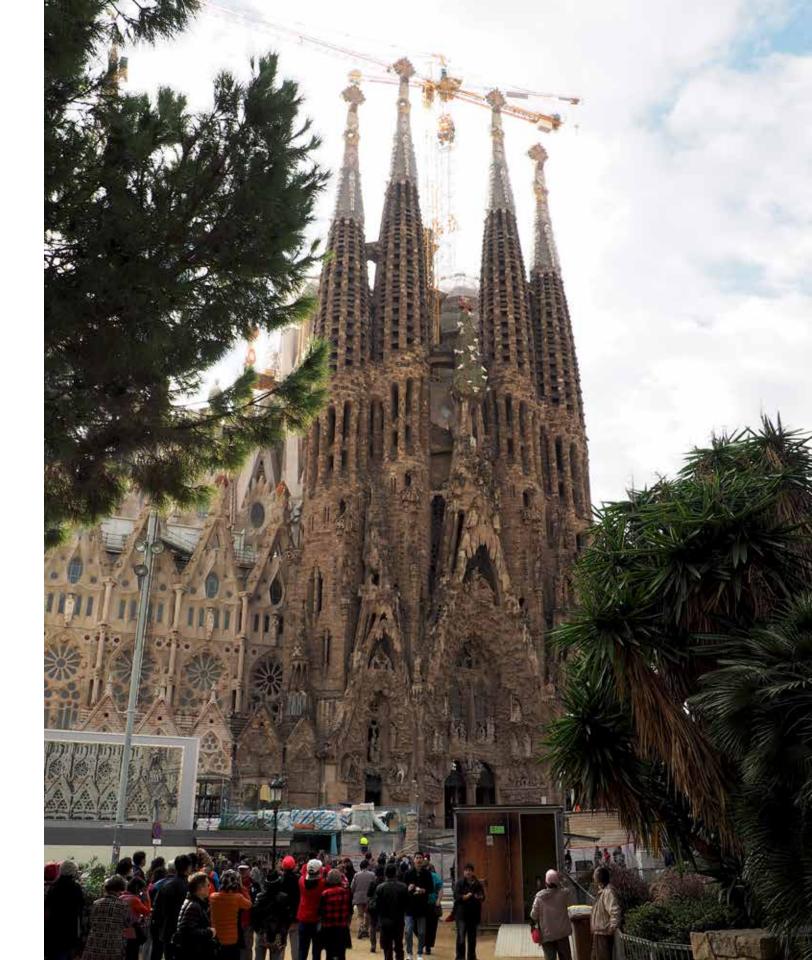




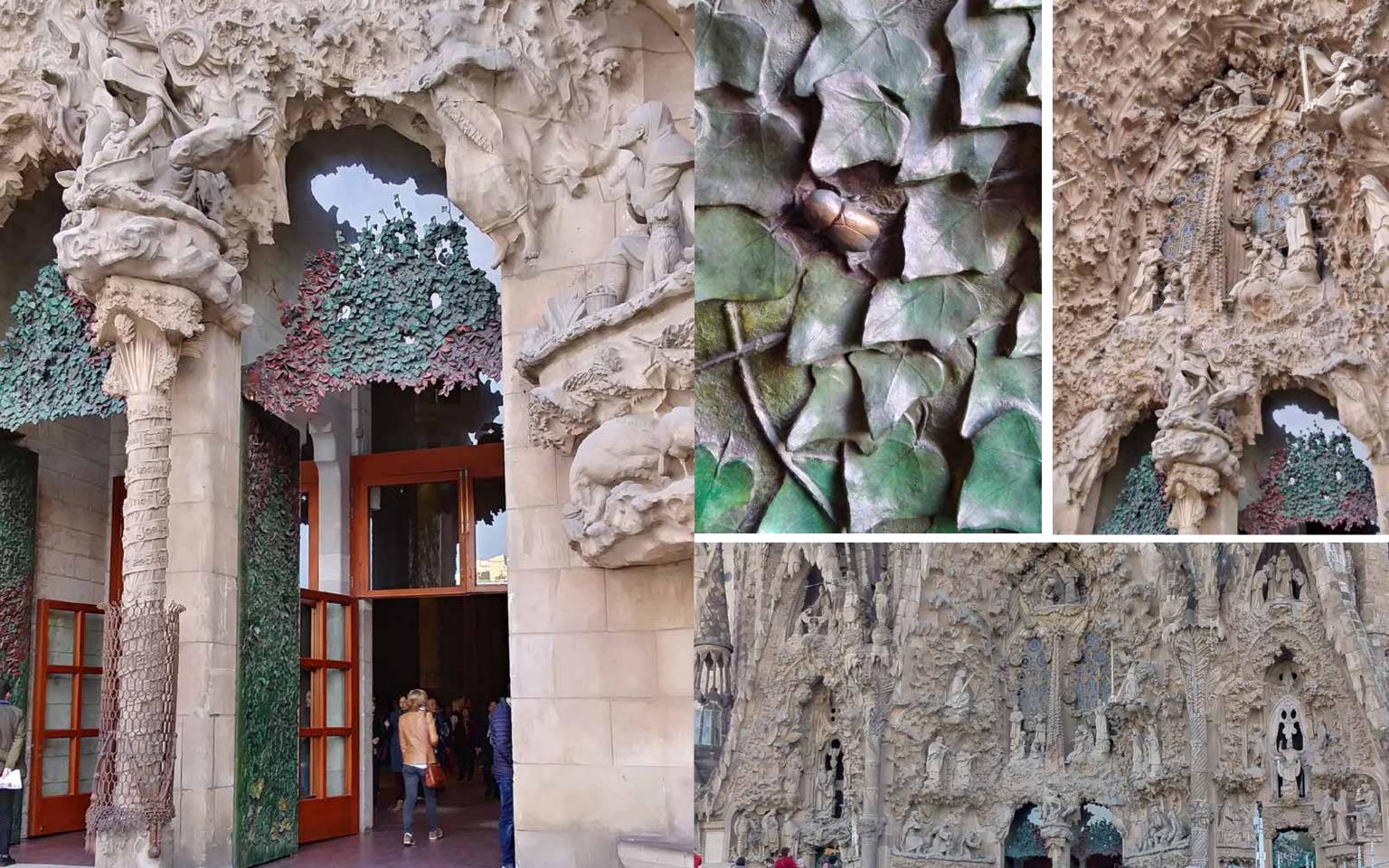




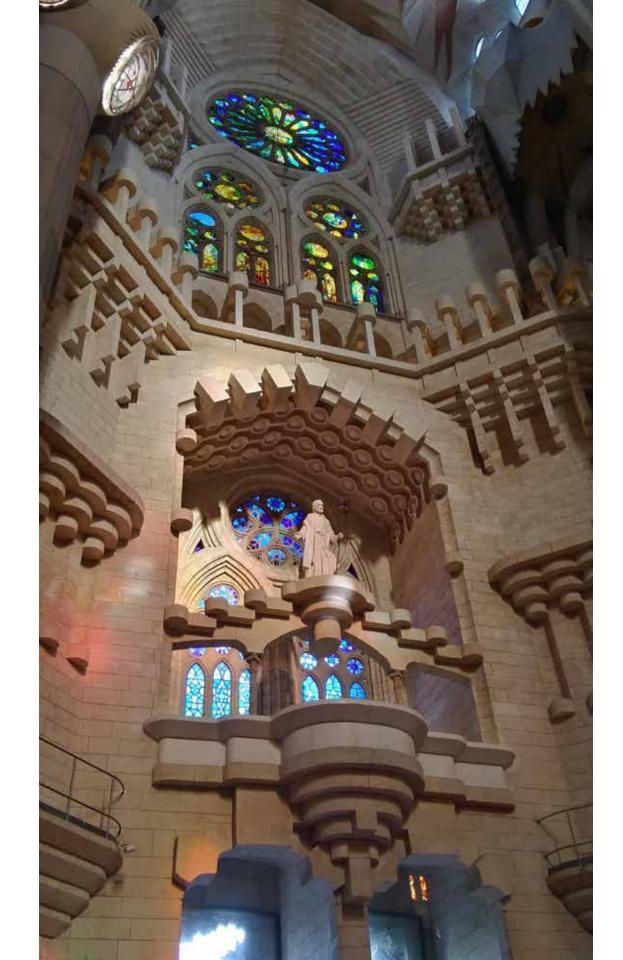


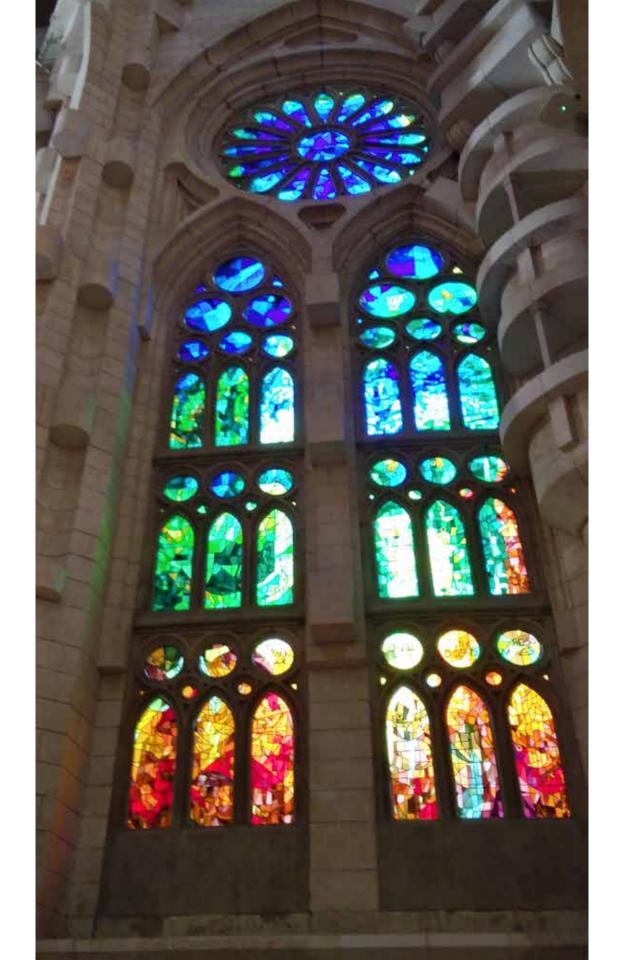


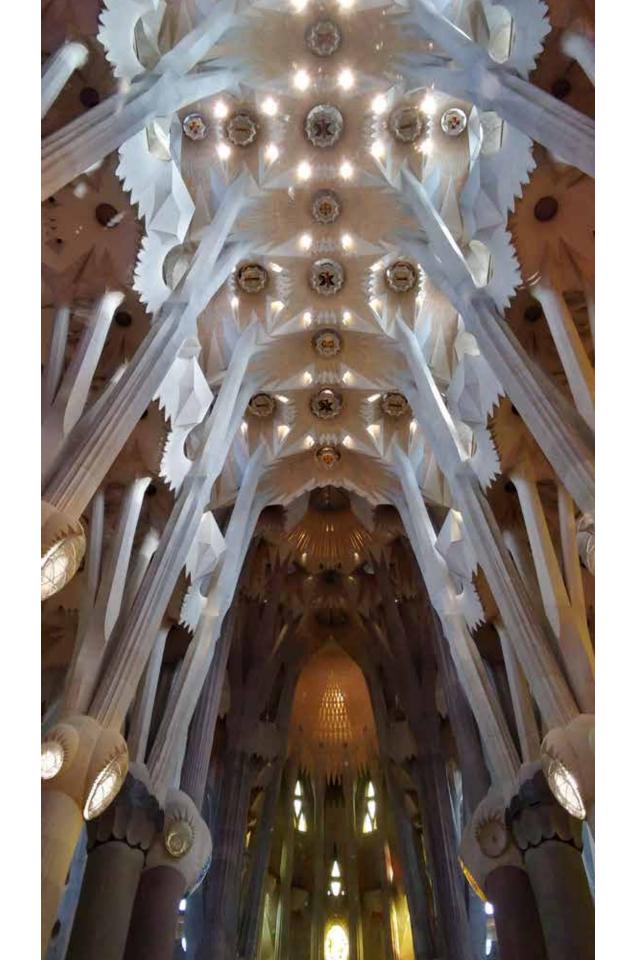






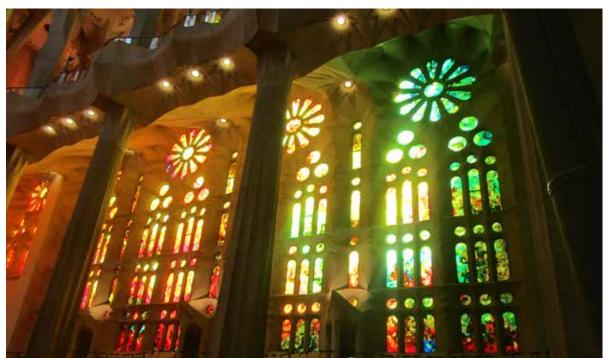






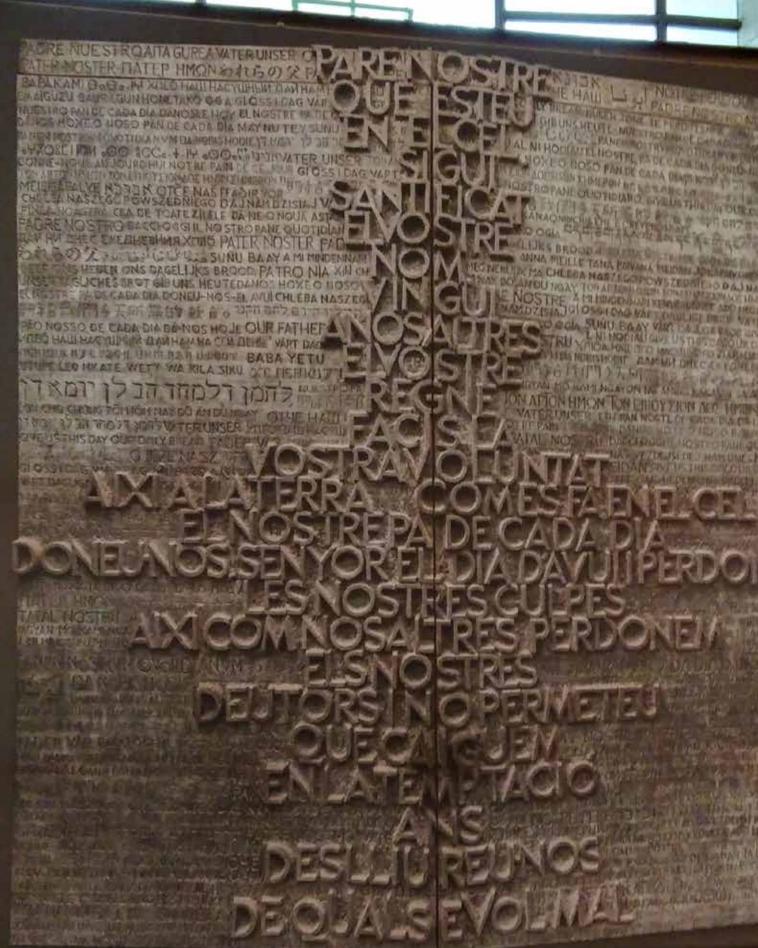


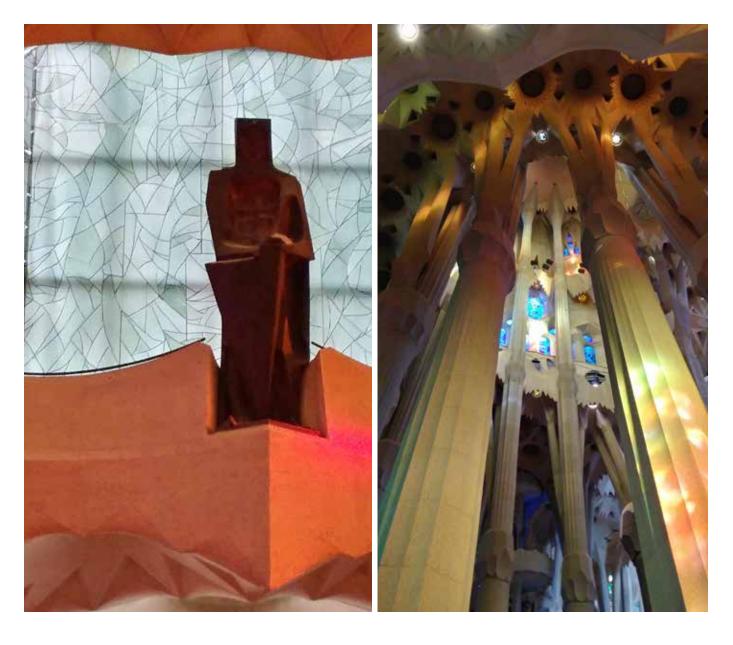




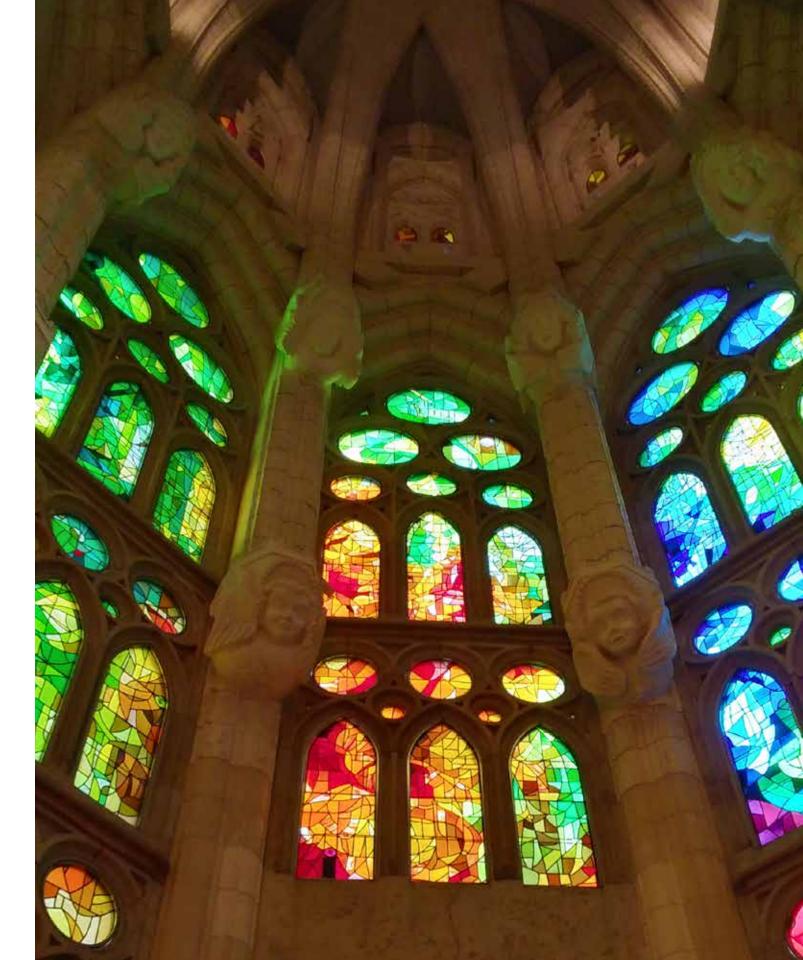






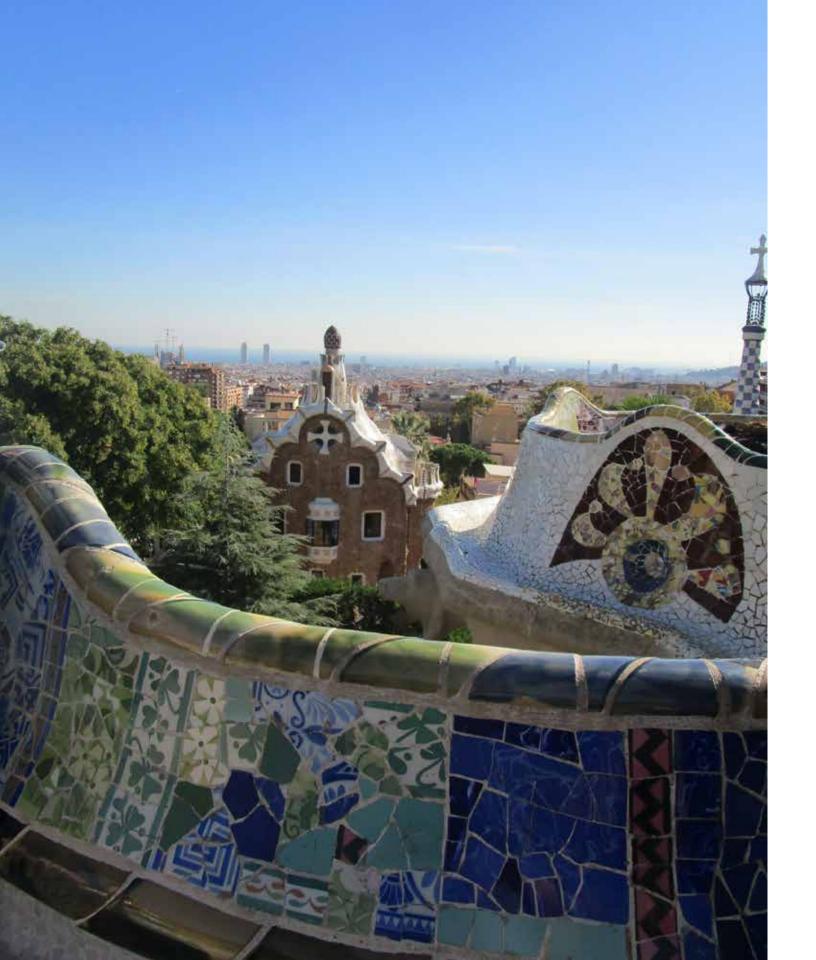


Back to the hotel with our aching feet for a bit of a rest and some free munchies and beer. Once our energy was restored we wandered down La Rambla with the tourists. We were in search of the perfect souvenirs and a look at the most touristy street in Barcelona. The night was cool so the crowds weren't too bad. It was however late enough that we were hounded by quite a few hawkers trying to get us into the nightclubs. Totally not our scene.









Day 6 - Gaudi, Gaudi, Gaudi

Our day in Barcelona started with bus number 24 from Placa de Catalunia to Gaudi's Parc Guell. Fortunately the bus stopped at the up-hill side of the park because those streets are steep and totally not the way to start a day in a huge park. We were right on time to tour the open areas of the park and make it to the appointed entrance for our reservation to see the rest of the park. The mixture of Gaudi architecture with the lush plants of the garden was excellent. The whole park was meant to be the centerpiece to a residential development planned by Antoni Gaudi and Eusebi Guell. The park was to be surrounded by several high end homes but only two were ever built, neither designed by Gaudi.

The park is in two parts. The Monumental Zone (main entrance, terrace, and the parts containing mosaics) and the more garden like public park. In the Monumental Zone, a staircase leads from the main entrance gate up to the major architectural elements that are pure Gaudi with high arches, ornate columns and curves forming the terrace with benches covered in brightly colored mosaics. We stayed quite a while in the park wandering the many paths and discovering new elements for hours.



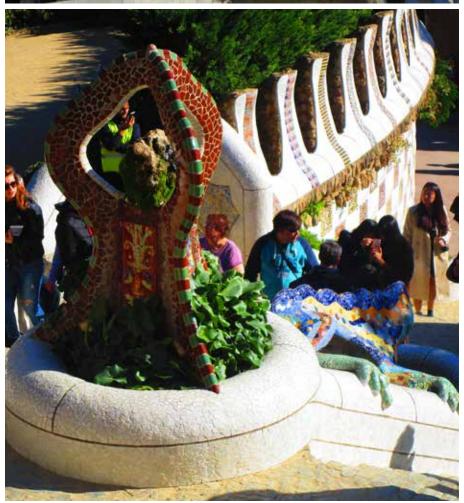








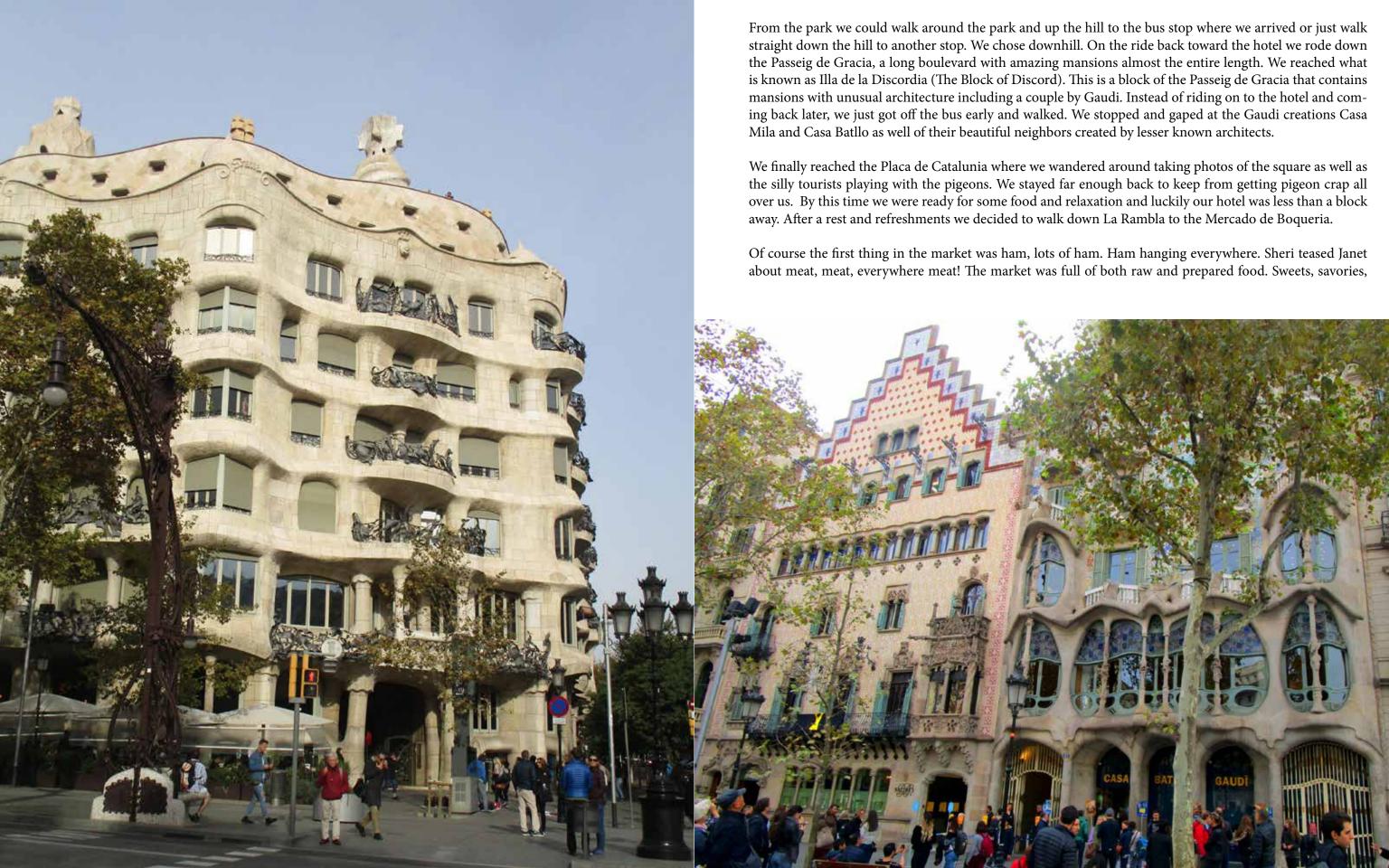




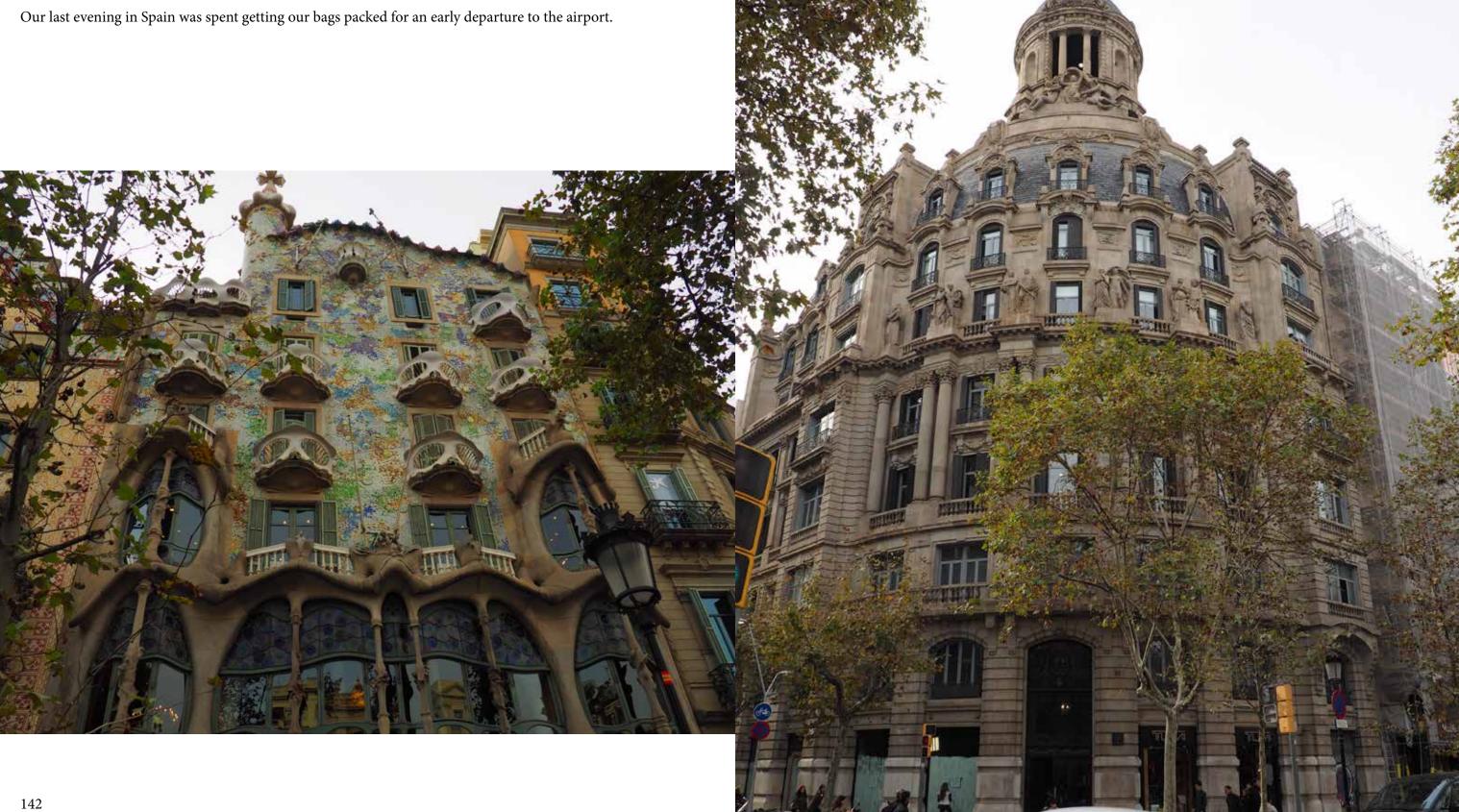








jams, sauces, fruits and nuts, fish and the lovely Spanish olives. Of course there were also tapas bars and plenty of sangria. We wandered the market until we had seen everything at least once, possibly twice. It's good we had a snack before going or we would have gorged ourselves on everything... except meat. That's all on Sheri.



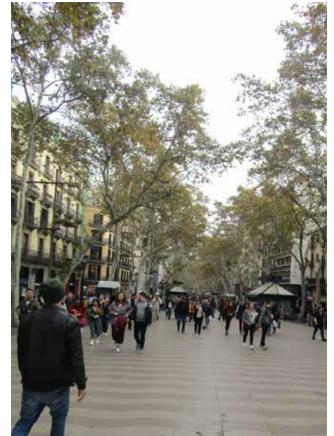




































Day 7 - Going Home

We were sorry to leave our lovely hotel home in Barcelona but it was time to go home. Again the planning paid off and we just had to walk to the Placa de Catalunia to catch a cheap express bus to the airport, about a half hour away. The airport wasn't busy and we sailed through customs and the boarding process and flew off to London.

The airport in London was an entirely different story. It's HUGE. London Heathrow has to be the biggest, most poorly designed airport in the world. Confusing hallways, a lack of signs and the need to go through security again, even though we were flying into and out of the same terminal. There were lounges everywhere but they all required a fee. Janet had fortunately experienced the hell that is Heathrow on her way to Madrid so had a feel for the place and was able to get us to the one area where we could wait because, for some odd reason, they don't announce the departure gate until about 30 minutes before boarding time. Since most

everything is a 15 to 20 minute walk from the main waiting area, this is a pain in the ass. Wait until the last minute then run through the airport with too few signs and out of order people mover walkways.

We were on separate flights out of London, Janet to Philly and Sheri to DFW, so we said our goodbyes and see-you-laters in the waiting area and headed to our respective gates for the flight home. Another wonderful vacation to remember fondly while we plan our next adventures.

